

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. XXVII.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1914

NO 28

STEPHEN KENNEDY ARRESTED

Leaves Grip With Dynamite and Revolver in Upton's Office

FIND MIND IS DERANGED

Trial Was Held Monday and he Was Found to be in a Critical State of Insanity, Taken to Elgin Monday

What is believed to have been an effort to blow up the Security Savings Bank and the office of Attorney W. C. Upton, together with the dozen or more employees who are employed in the building, was discovered Saturday in time to prevent what would have proved the most terrible catastrophe of the kind in the history of Waukegan.

The man suspected of being back of the nefarious scheme to hurl to kingdom come so many persons and possibly blow up the entire block in which the bank is located, was Steven H. Kennedy, a member of the Lake County Bar Association, a man who for some year past has grown melancholy through financial reverses, etc.

His arrest followed the discovery of 25 sticks of dynamite, each of which contained the necessary caps two loaded revolvers, etc.

Kennedy is now in Lake county jail and will be given a hearing as to his insanity. He will be found to be insane and sent to the Elgin asylum, for considering the discovery made, it is considered by officials and others a very dangerous thing to permit him to be at large.

That Kennedy had in mind the assassination of Attorney William C. Upton, one of the best known attorneys in Lake county, is known by the fact that it was his office in which Kennedy deposited his satchel containing the dynamite which it is believed he intended setting off. His arrest before executing plans which he is believed to have designed, prevented.

It was about 11:30 o'clock that Kennedy entered Mr. Upton's office, talked about some business matters and then said he wished to leave his grip in the office and would return for it at one o'clock. He set the grip down near the door of Mr. Upton's private office and left.

Mr. Upton knew that Kennedy had not been friendly to him for years hence he wondered if the satchel contained some infernal machine and accordingly called Assistant Chief Tyrrell, explaining the circumstances. The officer agreed with him, peered into the grip and then called Officer Lyon who took the grip to the police station, with a message from the chief to "handle it with care."

Assistant Chief Tyrrell then began plans for capturing Kennedy on his return at 1 o'clock as per his announcement. He went for Sheriff Green who accompanied him to the Upton office and there they remained. The chief also swore in as a special policeman a strapping fellow named Clark, who was to watch the office so Mr. Upton would not be left alone in case Kennedy returned. Mr. Tyrrell in the meantime was hustling details for getting Kennedy without trouble.

About 12:45 Kennedy came down town from his home and was in front of Burke & Wright's where former Officer Kenney happened to see him. Kenney spoke to a man named Liese and told him he was going to take Kennedy to the station, adding: "If he attacks me, get ready to jump in and help me."

Walking up to Kennedy, Kenney said, "Tom wants to see you at the station." Kennedy protested, but in a minute consented to go along.

Just about then Tyrrell and Sheriff Green came along and followed the officer and Kennedy to the station. Upon entering, Tyrrell grabbed Kennedy's arm and held him while others searched him. The first thing found was the .38 calibre revolver which they took from his outside coat pocket.

Asked what he was doing with so much dynamite, Kennedy told Tyrrell that he "was just getting it to go down on the flats and experiment" on something he had in mind.

(Continued on page four)

CHITTENDEN IS BEATEN BADLY FOR HIS RENOMINATION

Supervisor Ralph Chittenden was "snowed under" at the Warren township caucus held Saturday, March 12, at Gurnee, when George T. McCullough, for years a supporter of Mr. Chittenden and a close friend, went into the caucus and beat him almost three to one for the nomination. At the end of the count, it was found McCullough had 221 votes to Chittenden's 88.

The avalanche was unexpected by Mr. Chittenden and his friends but the supervisor was not in the least affected for he rose and said: "Gentlemen, in face of the vote, I desire to make a motion that Mr. McCullough's nomination be made unanimous."

In Warren the nomination means election and especially when it is known that the ordinary vote, now with women voting, will be about 500. Before women voted, the normal vote was 280 in the township. Saturday 59 women voted, bringing the total vote cast Saturday up to 310 votes, the largest ever polled in the town before, for up to Women's suffrage coming in, there were but 280 men who had a right to cast a ballot.

Here is the rest of the ticket nominated:

Supervisor—Geo. McCullough.....221
Ralph Chittenden.....88
Collector—Edwin Ray no opposition.
Assessor—O. B. Whitmore no opposition.
School Trustee—Mrs. M. B. Lake.
Highway Commissioner—John Thomas.....122
W. C. Barnstable.....86
Clarke Chandler.....63

Two Sisters Die within Two Days

The death of Mrs. H. C. Edwards following so close on the death of her sister, Mrs. Chas. Vandermark, whose death occurred on Saturday night, is considered most unusual. Very rarely indeed do two brothers or sisters die within two days of each other. Both deaths were considered rather sudden.

Mrs. Margaret Edwards, wife of former Supervisor H. C. Edwards who at that time resided in Grayslake died suddenly Tuesday morning at 5 o'clock at her home in Waukegan. Death was a result of heart disease of which she had been a sufferer sometime. Had she lived until March 20, she would have been 59.

Mrs. Edwards was born on a farm in Libertyville township just north of Libertyville. Several years ago, with her husband and children, she removed to Waukegan where she lived about five years. This was during the time her daughter was attending high school, then the family returned to Grayslake, last fall they again moved back to Waukegan and have been living there since.

People's Town Caucus

A caucus of the legal voters of the town of Lake Villa will be held on Saturday, March 21, 1914, at the Village Hall in the Village of Lake Villa between the hours of 1 p. m. and 4 p. m., for the purpose of nominating one candidate for each of the following offices:

One Supervisor.
One Town Clerk.
One Assessor.
One Collector.
One Highway Commissioner for the east district.
One Constable.
Three Town Committeemen for the ensuing year.

All voting in said caucus shall be by ballot containing the names of all candidates and the manner of conducting the caucus and all voting therein shall be as near as may be in accordance with the Australian system of voting.

The undersigned chairman and secretary shall act as chairman and secretary of said caucus and shall certify the names of the successful candidates as required by law. No ballot shall be counted unless shall be indorsed thereon the initials of one of the judges hereinafter named. Each person desiring to become a candidate in said caucus shall give his name to one of the undersigned Town Committee on or before Thursday, March 19th, 1914, and then paying his share of the expenses of said caucus.

Town Committee.
Harry Stratton,
Scott LeVoy,
John Cribb.
Dated Lake Villa, Ill., Feb. 28th, 1914.

Probably Was Finding Out

"How did you come to be a professional beggar?" "I ain't no professional beggar. I'm employed to get up statistics on how many heartless people there is in this town."—Stray Stories.

REINSTATE COUNTY TREASURER

Supervisors Voted For Reinstatement of Treasurer Without Dissenting Vote

INTEREST MATTER IN COURT

Westerfield Says He Will Not Turn Over Interest Money Until he Gets Court Ruling to Do So

The board of supervisors, without one dissenting vote last Thursday morning voted to reconsider its action of Friday, March 6th, and reinstate County Treasurer Carl P. Westerfield in the office from which the resolution adopted last week formally removed him.

The action of the board reinstating him came after the board convened in adjourned session. Mr. Westerfield, through Attorney Beaudien, presented the statement asked for last week by Mr. Dady, showing interest the county's moneys have paid since Westerfield assumed office, and immediately after the statement was read, Clarke moved that it be placed on file and put into the records.

Emmons then said: "As I voted for the resolution which ousted the treasurer and based my vote on his furnishing the statement asked by Mr. Dady, I now desire, seeing he has furnished that statement, to move to reconsider the resolution which ousted him and that Mr. Westerfield be reinstated into office."

Thus the matter drops, the interest issue to be formally settled in the courts when the case is put on formal trial in connection with the resolution, adopted by the board last week authorizing the state's attorney to put the matter on trial to determine who is entitled to the interest on funds held by the county treasurer.

The resolution adopted as follows: Waukegan, Ill., March 12, 1914 To the Honorable Board of Supervisors of Lake County, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Below I furnish a statement of all interest moneys received by me on all funds. I will gladly turn these moneys over to the county of Lake, when the court so rules that they belong to the county. I feel that these moneys belong to me personally, or I would not have retained them. I am the first treasurer that has ever been called upon to make such a statement with the county board, and I can not help but feel that it is an injustice. There is no provision in the statute that causes a county treasurer to have the moneys he is intrusted with earn moneys for the county.

The law is very specific regarding the duties of a county treasurer and plainly states that a county treasurer shall safely keep all moneys, books and valuable papers belonging to the county and when his successor is elected and duly qualified he shall turn same over to him.

The figures are:
Security Savings Bank, Waukegan, Illinois.....\$4,161.11
First National Bank, Lake Forest, Illinois.....1,581.03
Lake County National Bank, Libertyville, Illinois.....1,601.76
Total.....\$7,343.90

In order to specifically meet the action of the board in asking me the two questions put to me in writing on Mar. 6, 1914, which two questions are of record in the proceedings of the board, I make the following answer, to the first question I answer "yes." To the second question I answer \$7,343.90.

You have made demand on me for payment of above sum to county of Lake. I respectfully decline to account for or pay said money to said county of Lake unless ordered to do so by a court proceeding.

Respectfully,
Carl P. Westerfield,
County Treasurer.

Slightly Unconscious

Judge—"It is testified that you knocked him senseless. Is that true?" Prisoner—"Well, your honor, he was rather noncommittal after I struck him."

GRANT TOWNSHIP WILL NOT GO DRY THIS SPRING

Grant township will not go dry this spring! There is no chance of even voting on the wet-dry issue this spring!

It develops that the drys who had charge of getting the petitions out asking that the question be placed on the ballot this spring, "fell down" in the petition and that is why the question will not, as was generally expected, be put on the election ballot in April.

The reason the question will not appear is because town clerk William Jackson, after looking over the petition as filed by Douglas Wait and Gust Townsend, found it improperly drawn up as regards the signatures. The law says that the signers must affix their full names "and their residences." And, half of the signers left off their residences hence that made their signatures of no account and invalidated the whole petition.

Asked whether such is the case town clerk Jackson said Monday: "Yes, that's the fact—it will not be on the ballot and Grant township will be wet at least another year."

The petition had sufficient names affixed to it to justify its being placed on the ballot but about half of the signers failed to state where they lived, which according to the law, is necessary.

Summer Milk Prices

The scale of prices offered by the Borden company for summer milk was turned down by local producers, when the books of the company were opened to contract the summer milk supply.

The average price offered by the Borden company was \$1.34-1.6, while the producers demand an average of \$1.53. Producers generally were much disappointed over the Borden schedule as the majority of them confidently expected the price to be in the neighborhood of \$1.50 and the offer came as a surprise. Farmers say they will not sign unless a better price is forthcoming and they are ready to fight if necessary to secure the boost. The Milk Producers' association is said to have more members and is stronger than ever this year and the big milk concerns will have a hard fight on their hands before the farmers will allow them to dictate the prices.

Local producers and members of every local are following the same tactics as last year in placing their milk in the hands of a committee to dispose of at the association prices. H. F. Greley, J. T. Bower and Otto Rasch constitute the local committee.

The scale offered by the Borden company for the six months is given below: April.....\$1.45 July.....\$1.35 May.....1.20 August.....1.50 June.....1.05 September.....1.50—Richmond Gazette.

Mrs. David Minto Passes Away

Another Lake county pioneer passed away Thursday night, March 12, when Mrs. David Minto of Loon Lake one of the first settlers in Lake county died at her home, there after a prolonged illness culminating in a stroke of paralysis suffered recently.

Mrs. Minto was 75 years old. She came to Lake county in the early days when it was in its infancy and since that time has seen it grow into the prosperous position it now holds. Mrs. Minto took great interest in the things that went on about her and was always pleased even in the later years of her life. She was a woman of a kind heart and because of her loving personality made scores of friends among whom she chanced to meet.

The deceased is survived by a husband and one son and a daughter, Harlan, who now operates the farm at Loon Lake and Una the daughter.

The funeral services were held from her late home Monday with interment in the Loon Lake cemetery.

Man Burned Fatally

Charles Hensel, 40 years old, employed in the Zengeler Cleaning shop in Lake Forest was badly burned Tuesday his body became a human torch following the explosion of a quantity of benzine used in the cleaning process. The victim was removed to the Alice Home hospital. His condition is said to be so serious that he has little or no chance of recovery.

Just how the accident happened is not known, as Hensel is in such a precarious condition that he has not been pressed for details. Pedestrians were startled when he rushed screaming from the shop his clothing a mass of flames.

Problem for the Idle

If the time is hanging heavy on your hands try to work out this. How many times in each 24 hours do the two hands of the clock appear at right angles to each other?—Baltimore News.

THOMPSON WILL GIVE CORN PRIZES

Boys and Girls of the Tenth Congressional District Will Have Corn Club

GET TRIP TO WASHINGTON

Boys and Girls Must be Between the Ages of 10 and 18 Years Old at the Time of Enrollment

As a representative in congress from the district in which you live. I hope I may be of some service to you, as well as to your fathers and mothers. To this end I propose to organize a boy's corn club and a girls' garden and canning club for the season of 1914. I am, therefore, making the following offer:

To the boy residing in our district who makes the best record in the corn club work for 1914 under the following basis of award I will give a free trip to Washington, D. C., at the time when the boys' and girls' agricultural club champions from the various state of the Union make their annual pilgrimage:

1. Greatest yield per acre.....30
2. Best showing of profit on investment.....30
3. Best exhibit of ten ears at county, district, state or local fair.....20
4. Best written history entitled, "How I Made My Crop".....20

Total score.....100
To the girl residing in our district who makes the best record in the garden and canning club work for 1914 under the following basis of award I will give a free trip to Washington, D. C., at the same time.

1. Quality.....20
2. Quantity total pounds of vegetables harvested and used.....20
3. Variety of canned products.....20
4. Profit on investment.....20
5. Written history on "How I Made My Crop".....20

Total score.....100
To be eligible to compete for either of these prizes you must be between the ages of ten and eighteen years, inclusive, at the time of enrollment with the United States department of agriculture. If a boy, you must agree to grow one full acre of corn, and if a girl you must agree to grow one-tenth acre of vegetables, chiefly tomatoes. All who join these clubs must further agree to submit a report to the department of agriculture at Washington, D. C., not later than December 1, 1914, according to instructions that will be furnished later.

If you care to enroll in one of these clubs, let me know by letter, where upon I shall be glad to send you the necessary enrollment card. I hope all boys and girls who may wish to get much valuable information and instruction from the government on corn growing and garden and canning work and have the opportunity of winning a trip to Washington, D. C., the expense of which I shall be glad to pay, will let me hear from them at once. If you have any boy or girl friends who would like to enter either of these clubs, please let them know.

Yours very truly,
Charles M. Thompson,
House of Rep., Washington, D. C.

Horses and Cards.
"Why is it you always win at poker?" she asked, "and always lose when you back horses?" "Well, my dear," came the genial response, "I don't shuffle the horses."—London Express.

Always.
There has always been a tendency on the part of saints, philosophers and excitable people generally to feel sure that what is wrong with the world is ignorance—that if only people might be induced to listen they could not but incline their hearts to the attractions of manifest righteousness.

Hindu Merry Widow.
It is reported from Bombay that a Hindu widow immolated herself upon the funeral pyre of her husband and smiled as the flames played about her. The Oriental idea of the merry widow will never be popular in America.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

PRESIDENT OF THE FARMERS INSTITUTE GIVE IDEAS

Ten of the officers of the Farmers' institute met in Libertyville on Thursday, March 12, to arrange for the meetings of the coming year and to formulate plans for the programs to be given. About one half of the vice presidents of the association were not present but those in attendance were most enthusiastic over the progress made. Vice presidents will be urged to attend meetings in the future or requested to select another representative so that all towns in the country may have representation.

An innovation will be introduced this year in summer meetings. It is the plan to hold at least three of these during the growing season, probably in the month of June. One will be held on the state experimental plot on the David White farm in Antioch; Mr. Fisher of the State Agricultural college has had charge of this plot for several years, he will explain the rotation of crops practiced and give results; fields in the neighborhood will also be visited. Another summer meeting will probably be held on the Samuel Insull farm south of Libertyville.

A third meeting is planned about the time for selection of seed corn and will be in charge of some corn expert; it is hoped that this meeting may be held near Grayslake, possibly on the Sears' farms.

It was agreed that the association would lend its aid to any community desiring to hold an institute, the meeting to be in charge of the vice president of that town; the association will endeavor to secure speakers for occasions of this kind. The date of the annual institute, will be fixed by the president and secretary at a meeting in Chicago to be held in the near future, the time will probably be about the last of January or the first of February. It was agreed that the officers should ask the state association to furnish a dairyman and a household science speaker, and the State University to send a soil man for the annual institutes of next winter.

Peoples Town Caucus

A caucus of the legal voters of the town of Antioch will be held on Saturday, March 21, 1914, at the Village Hall in the Village of Antioch between the hours of 1 p. m. and 4 p. m., for the purpose of nominating one candidate for each of the following offices:

One Assessor, one Highway Commissioner, one Constable, and three men for the ensuing year.

All voting in said caucus shall be by ballot containing the names of all candidates and the manner of conducting the caucus and all voting therein shall be as near as may be in accordance with the Australian system of voting.

The undersigned chairman and secretary shall act as chairman and secretary of said caucus and shall certify the names of the successful candidates as required by law. No ballot shall be counted unless shall be indorsed thereon the initials of one of the judges hereinafter named. Each person desiring to become a candidate in said caucus shall give his name to one of the undersigned Town Committee on or before Friday, March 20, 1914, and then pay his share of the expenses of said caucus.

Town Committee.
Ed Wells,
W. T. Taylor,
B. H. Overton.
Dated, Antioch, Illinois, Feb. 24, 1914.

Mandamus To Get Collector

Attorney Barnes acting for the city of Zion, Tuesday filed a petition for mandamus in the district court directed against John Bash, town collector of the township of Benton, requesting a court order compelling Bash to turn over to Irving Thurston as treasurer of Zion, the funds belonging to the city collected by Bash from the city taxes. The amount is \$1,000.

He has refused to turn over the funds to Thurston and he is not the city treasurer.

B. S. Love, who was a commercial success in Motion, Production, and Editing. He is that instead of a failure.

Judge Whitney has been a good turnable next Monday at regular court sessions and will continue to hear important cases very fondly during the hot, dry summer.

Museum Japan has all the countries, sum of decor the year 758.

INOIS

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

Clayton Dixon visited in Union Grove and Racine last week.

Geo. Burnett arrived from the East for a visit the first of the week.

S. C. Litwiler and daughter of Round Lake called on relatives here Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Hendee of Grayslake and sister of Kansas visited friends here last Wednesday.

Mrs. Murrie and Mrs. Saunders of Waukegan spent Tuesday with the former's parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Hamlin and Clayton spent a few days recently with Chicago relatives.

Have you a cold or the grippe? If not, you are not in style. The doctors are kept busy these days.

Wm. Watson was called to Millburn last week by the illness and death of his mother who was quite old.

There was no school part of the time last week, to allow the repairing of the boiler of the heating apparatus which was broken.

Dr. Hurley of Chicago was in town Saturday in consultation with Drs. Talbot and Schaffer on the case of Litwiler who is very ill.

"Diamonds and Hearts" at the Barnstable hall, Friday evening, March 13. All home talent and promises a good evening's entertainment.

The Angola Cemetery society will hold its next regular meeting at the home of Miss Mary Kerr on Tuesday, March 17. Mrs. L. M. Cribb, sec'y.

BRISTOL

Edith Gunter is on the sick list.

Mrs. K. Cass spent Saturday in Kenosha.

C. H. Whitcher spent Wednesday in New Munster.

Miss Hanson was a Kenosha visitor last Tuesday.

Misses Olive Parkin and Ruby Fox spent last week in Chicago.

David Samson and wife entertained Kenosha company Sunday.

F. Lavey and Wells Curtis spent last Thursday in Milwaukee.

Jas. Coyne and wife were Kenosha visitors last Saturday.

Dr. Smith of New Munster was in our village last Tuesday.

Mrs. Ada Stewart of Salem spent Saturday with Mrs. Turner.

Mrs. Chas. Gunter entertained the Ladies Aid society last Thursday.

Miss Jean Murdock attended Teachers' Meeting in Kenosha Saturday.

Alfred Peterson has moved his family onto the Oetting farm near Antioch.

Little William Benson has been quite sick with the measles but is on the gain at present.

Mrs. Anna Shotliff is still very sick, she is at present under the care of a trained nurse from Chicago.

Mrs. Hollenbeck and Lila Smith of Pleasant Prairie visited over Sunday at the home of Mrs. Gaines.

Ed. Shotliff was called to Milwaukee on last Tuesday to serve on the jury but was excused on account of his age.

Miss Lydia Curtis is working in Kenosha advertising for the different stores in the interest of the Green Trading stamp.

While in Milwaukee one day, last week Ted Shotliff was taken with another one of his numerous attacks of "automobilism." This attack was caused by the "Empire," and we are unable at present to tell whether he will recover unscathed or not.

No Talk Lost.

"So Kate and Alice are not on speaking terms." "No," but they more than make up for it by what they say about each other."

Secret of Secret-Keeping.

If a woman could only keep secret the fact that she has a secret to keep, her secrets would be safe.—Boston Transcript.

The English's Daughter.

Father to Mother—My daughter will not have a dowry, but I will give her this set of diamonds, which no doubt you will find useful.

Popular Song Suggestions.

"The weeping willow had been only eating onion after all."

The Idea.

Madge—"I'll try to flatter you?"

Marjorie—"My dear, I'll give her this set of diamonds, which no doubt you will find useful."

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Madge—"I'll try to flatter you?"

Marjorie—"My dear, I'll give her this set of diamonds, which no doubt you will find useful."

Madge—"I'll try to flatter you?"

MILLBURN

Roy Dawson was in Chicago last week.

Spencer Wells called on friends here Sunday.

Wm. Reilly spent the past week in Waukegan.

Guy Dietmeyer has moved into the Rose house.

Mrs. Ernest Wells was an Antioch visitor Friday.

Alfred Bain and wife called on Grayslake friends Sunday.

Mrs. Mabel Dietmeyer was a Waukegan visitor Thursday.

James Gallagher expects to leave for Canada in about a week.

Miss Ruby Cleveland of Chicago is spending a few days at her home here.

Mrs. Watson died at her home here Saturday. The funeral was held Monday with interment in the Millburn cemetery.

RUSSELL

Dr. Redding was a Waukegan visitor Sunday.

Mrs. Chittenden entertained the children's club Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patch are visiting relatives at this place.

Mrs. E. P. Siver is entertaining her sister of Waukegan.

Miss Vera Metcalf of Gurnee was a Russell visitor last week.

Miss Laura and Willie Corris entertained the Y. P. A., club last Friday.

Mrs. Fred McGuire has returned to Chicago after a two weeks stay with her aunt here.

Mrs. Martin Hogan will move to Chicago this week. James Gray has rented the Hogan farm.

Mrs. Duke has returned to her home in Chicago after spending this week with Mrs. Hogan.

HICKORY

Examinations at school this week. Hard lines.

Mrs. Nellie Harmer is in a Chicago hospital this week.

Mrs. D. Pullen spent Wednesday and Thursday in Waukegan.

Arthur Holtdorf and wife have moved to their new home at Wilmet.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Webb are entertaining the latter's sister this week.

Mrs. Thomas Peterson entertained the merry-go round Saturday evening.

Married at Antioch, Saturday, March 7th, Christ Mortensen and Betty Sorenson. We extend congratulations.

SILVER LAKE

Ross Schenning had a sale Tuesday.

Walter Crane and family were callers here Monday.

It is reported a robin was seen here Sunday.

Mrs. Henry Walburg was a Wilmet visitor Sunday.

Mrs. Denitt Dixon was a Burlington shopper Monday.

Fred Bernhoft and wife were callers here Wednesday.

Chas. Schulz, wife and son Claude called here Wednesday.

Mrs. Bert Dean had dental work done in Burlington Thursday.

Miss Albertine Johnson returned home from Kenosha Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nett were Sunday guests at the home of Ross Schenning.

Chas. Faden took possession of the livery business Tuesday, he expects to have an auto in connection.

Brave Little Woman!

"If you don't help to keep down our expenses," he complained, "I shall be driven to desperation." "All right, dear," she replied, "I'll do my best. I'm going to call up Aunt Elizabeth today and ask her if she won't take our canary, so that we shall not have to buy any more bird seed."

Concerning Grammar.

A sweet little voice—that sounded like it usually used better grammar.—Nell Brinkley in the Journal. Sounds like better grammar about being used this season.—F. P. A. in "New York Mail."

BOBBY SHAFTO'S RETURN

BY ELLA M. BANGS.

Footsore and hungry the boy plodded steadily on. His worldly possessions contained in a bundle swinging from a stout stick, were shifted now and then from one shoulder to the other. The sun was hot, and pushing back the worn cap, the boy wiped his forehead and face where tan and freckles showed that this was not his first day of exposure to sun and wind. Presently the roofs of a building came into view, and as he approached nearer, the building proved to be a fine old colonial mansion.

Passing the pillared portico, he was about to go around to a side entrance when a swinging hammock caught his sight, and going nearer he spoke. "Please can I get a drink of water here?"

The figure in the hammock suddenly raised itself showing a girl a little younger than himself, a girl in a white dress and pink ribbons, with sunshiny hair and deep blue eyes, which widened as, instead of answering his inquiry she demanded: "Are you a tramp?"

"Not exactly, but I hadn't the money to ride, so I just had to walk."

The fair face flushed, then she hurried away, returning a little later with a glass and pitcher of water, as well as a generous piece of custard pie.

"Do you like this kind?" she asked. He looked at the pie. "You bet," was the prompt answer, and he proceeded to dispose of it.

"I'm obliged to you," acknowledged the boy as soon as speech seemed possible. He had thrown himself on the ground, but presently he started up. "Well, I must be starting on."

"Where to?"

"New York."

"New York?" Why that's miles and miles away."

"I know, but I'll get there some time. And I say, I thank you for the pie and the drink, and—what's your name?"

"Well, then good-by Evelyn Ware."

As he started toward the street he turned to say, "Some day I'll come back and marry you, Evelyn Ware."

"Oh, will you?" she returned scornfully. Then with a mocking smile she sang.

Bobby Shafto's gone to sea, Silver buckles on his knee, He'll come back and marry me, Pretty Bobby Shafto.

His destination was reached in time, and during the year that followed the boy picked up barely enough to maintain a clothed and fed existence. It came about, however, that within his second year he found himself occupying a menial position in the office of one of the daily papers. Six months later he took something to the editor. The man read it, and looking up at the boy, asked, "Where did you get this?"

"I wrote it. Is it good?"

The man gave a low whistle. "You wrote it? Well, keep on, my boy."

In time a story under his name appeared in one of the magazines. Others followed, and then came the inevitable wrangling of a novel. This, after one or two rejections, was published. His work as a reporter was given up, and another novel produced which met with so cordial a reception by the public as to place "The Highway of Fate" on the list of the year's best sellers.

About this time he was invited to make one of a house party given by a society leader at her country place. A half hour after his arrival at Summer Acres, Wilfred, standing near an open window in his room, heard voices below on the piazza.

"Who do you think is to be a guest here?" asked a feminine voice.

"I've no idea," another voice equally feminine, but more musical, returned. "Has Mrs. Grafton inveigled a star of the first magnitude?"

"Something like it," was the response, "for this is no less a personage than Wilfred Hunter, the author."

"Possible? So we will all soon be on the Highway of Fate, if not already there," laughed the other.

"Yes, and if he is as good looking as his picture, look out for your heart, Evelyn, for I suppose you have one."

Wilfred started. Evelyn? That name belonged to the little golden-haired fairy of his humble youth. Was this she?

A little later his query was answered when he was presented to Miss Evelyn Ware.

One day while they were walking together, the young man asked: "Would you think me insufferably egotistical, Miss Ware, if I told you the outline of a little story I have in mind?"

"On the contrary, Mr. Hunter, I should feel deeply flattered," was the response.

Accordingly the man began. He described himself as he had been sixteen years ago, poor, unknown and alone. "Are you—Bobby Shafto?"

"Yes," as his hand closed over hers, "and I have come back—as I said I would."



IN QUEST OF HUSBAND

By C. CLARKE.

"I wonder if it's really true?" from the couch.

"What?" said Billy lazily.

Billy and I have just the nicest kind of time in the den on rainy days when she is home for the holidays.

And as she was curled up on the couch among the pink pillows, and I was in the big wicker chair.

"Why?" about the world being full of two kinds of men, the ones you love and the ones who love you."

"Why?" said Billy again. Billy was reading a story and I knew she didn't want to be bothered, but I kept on nevertheless. I know that I've stopped in the interesting parts of things lots of times when she has wanted to talk.

"Oh, because it's like that with me," I said gloomily.

"How?" said Billy, reaching for a chocolate, and then I threw a pillow at her, and she actually threw down her book.

"I'm blue," I said looking for sympathy, "and what's the use of going on playing that kind of a game if it's always going to be that way? I'll never get on with the men I like, and the men I like will never get on with me."

"Have a chocolate," said Billy sticking a box under my nose, and then we both dipped in, and sat with the box between us.

"It's just the same with you, too," I reflected sorrowfully. "Just look at the way Ross Wilson looks at you, sends you candy and hangs around all time, and then you laugh at him behind his back. And I know very well you'd be thrilled to death if Howard King should even mention such a thing as calling."

"I would not," said Billy with flaming cheeks. And then I hugged her and she whispered, "Well, I suppose I would, Peg."

"Why, if Mr. Allen should ever call me up and say he was coming over, I can tell you I'd be thrilled." I admitted with my chin in the air. And then the telephone rang and both jumped. But it wasn't for either of us; it was the plumber to see if the leak he had just fixed in the pipes was holding all right.

"Speaking of being thrilled," said Billy disdainfully. "Thank heaven, Pegg, you don't get into these moods very often. I guess I'll go back to that story. List to the part where you interrupted—Tears blinded her eyes and she leaped to her feet and seized him by the shoulder, all her anger ablaze."

"What on earth are you reading?"

"Oh, just a magazine story, but it's pretty good. I'll tell you. Peg, I don't think it will be that way about things when the right man comes along. Anyway, what's the use of worrying?" And then Billy went back to her story and I stopped bothering her.

I guess it is a good thing that I don't get these moods often. Today I just hate myself. I don't wonder that people think I'm frivolous. I just make them think so by the way I act when I intend to be perfectly sensible all the while.

Even Kate went back on me the other day when she ran in to ask me for a book I had promised to lend her.

"Why, you looking at me in such a funny way. Just because I had on my new pink negligee and the Dutch cap Beatrice gave me for Christmas. 'Do you always look so drowsy, or did you have an inkling that some one was coming?'"

Kate is irritating sometimes and I remember that I was perfectly furious at the time. But I don't think it proves that I'm frivolous just because I like to look pretty. I remember that I told Dr. Hammond that same thing once long ago. Oh, I must think of something more cheerful; it would never do to meditate on Dr. Hammond just now.

"Oh, Billy," I said breathlessly, "how would you like gray velvet chinchilla with that gray maline hat?"

"Where?" said Billy, looking up vacantly.

And then I laughed and actually felt better.

Activities of Women.

Women of Alaska have full suffrage without opposition.

English women are rapidly taking to the game of la croise.

Miss Charlotte McAuley has been acting as city attorney in Butte, Mont.

The Illinois Central railroad will employ women as gatemen at their terminals.

Miss Eleanor V. Barnard, who came to the United States to study American types, says that the American children excel in form and are a sturdier lot than those of her country.

Since Mrs. Cora W. Stewart took the position of superintendent of education in Rowan county, Kentucky, two years ago, she has succeeded in reducing the number of illiterates from 1,152 to 23.

The first woman to take up the diplomatic service as a profession has just been appointed in Christiania. She is Miss Hannelotta Hoeg and is to be first secretary of the Norwegian legation in Mexico.

LAUGHTER WON A BATTLE

By JAMES LEWIS.

"How about an Indian story, Colonel?" asked one of the Boy Scouts.

"A story with a punch about some fight that you saw with your own eyes?"

The colonel reflected as he rubbed his stiff knee—the kneecap that was smashed by a ball from the rifle of a swarthy brave.

"Very well," he said. "I'll tell you about Olaf and Jens, two young Swedes we had with us when we went rampage in Arizona. Olaf and Jens were good fellows, but Indian fighting was something new to them."

"How they got into the army I declare I don't know. They were always too far ahead, or too far behind, or too far to one side; and at first we had almost to hide them when we met Indians, for they didn't know enough to come in out of the bullets."

"We were in pursuit of the Indians, who were retreating through a very wild and dangerous region. We had marched steadily since sunrise, and we were dusty, dry, hungry, tired and cross. Moreover, we had good reason to suspect that Indians, and plenty of them, were near by."

"We approached a broad, shallow arroyo that was full of scrub trees, bushes, cacti and huge boulders. Our scouts, deploying cautiously, were just entering the fringe of low thickets on the edge of the arroyo, when a volley from behind the boulders and chaparral killed them to a man. The enemy had tricked us in spite of our watchfulness. They were on exactly their own kind of battle ground. We knew what sort of a murderous job it would be to oust them from those boulders and brush."

"We simply had to get into the arroyo, where we could hide ourselves and fight the Indians in their own style, so the men scattered, and, yelling like the Indians themselves, ran at top speed for the arroyo. More were hit on that short run than we could afford to lose."

"We made another dash, a short one, diagonally across the arroyo, and flung ourselves behind a low bank. Crawling and running on our hands and feet, we gradually made a flank

movement, until we at last reached the rocks and had a fighting knee. Our loss was heavy by that time, and so far as we knew, not a single Indian had been killed.

"After two hours of peep-anhoot-quick fighting, night began to draw on. The Indians got bolder, and began to close in on us. If we owed an inch of hat brim, it was pipped off."

"Just then a big Missourian named Bill Humble suddenly bawled out: 'Look at the Swedes, wilyout! They've gone plum crazy at it!'"

"All the men stopped firing, looked at Olaf and Jens waging hitherto unknown kind of Indian warfare."

"What were they doing?" asked one of the younger scouts, a bit impatiently.

The colonel smiled. "Olaf and Jens were hiding behind a big boulder and they were shooting straight up, the air as fast as they could load a fire."

"We watched them, so amazed that we almost forgot about the enemy. Bill Humble shouted at them: 'Here! What are you two doing?'"

"Jens blazed away at the zenith, and asked: 'Vat ban matter?'"

"Why are you crazy men shootin' up in the sky? Bill yelled back: 'Vell,' called back Jens, 've can't see dem Indian fallars, and ve can't shoot drough de rocks, so ve shoot up in de air so de bullets fall on dem.'"

"A shout of deep throated laughter burst from the men who heard him, and the others took it up as the word passed along the line. In a few minutes everyone was laughing. 'Why, a man who had a bullet in his back grinned in spite of the pain.'"

"The way that laughter took the Indians was as strange as it was unexpected. They were suspicious and began to peep furtively round and over the boulders. One of them, a big hawk beaked savage, exposed himself too much, and a soldier left off laughing long enough to shoot him."

"He happened to be the chief, and his brave, probably thinking that his end was caused in some way by the pale face laughter, broke from their hiding places and were soon going hotfoot down the crooked gulch."

The colonel paused and the scout who had proposed the story asked: "Was that all?"

"Well," the colonel answered, "it was—about all. It was the last fight of any consequence. I don't suppose that the official records mention it, but Olaf and Jens really ended that war."

To the Middle-Aged.

Say to yourself that you are entering upon the autumn of your life; that the graces of spring and the splendors of summer are irrevocably gone, but that autumn weather is often darkened by rain, cloud and mist, but the air is still soft, and the sun still lights the eyes, and touches the lawing leaves, carelessly; it is the time for fruit, for harvest, for the fatigue, the moment for making provision for the winter.—Amiel's Journal.

Art That is Seldom Practiced.

Some people can talk fluently and think well at the same time, but few can do so.

The Promise of Spring

Its in the air and many things are timely. For example—let us suggest it the work of

Wiring Your House for Electric Service

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Bell System



A generation ago, engagements, weddings, anniversaries and birthdays were largely neighborhood affairs. But communities have grown, suburbs have sprung up, and homes in the country separate many friends part of the year.

The handicap of distance often makes it impossible to extend congratulations in person. In this difficulty the Long Distance Telephone is indispensable. It is easier, quicker and more personal than a letter of congratulation, which is usually perfunctory and difficult to write.

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THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. XXVII.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1914

NO 28

STEPHEN KENNEDY ARRESTED

Leaves Grip With Dynamite and Revolver in Upton's Office

FIND MIND IS DERANGED

Trial Was Held Monday and he Was Found to be in a Criminal State of Insanity, Taken to Elgin Monday

What is believed to have been an effort to blow up the Security Savings Bank and the office of Attorney W. C. Upton, together with the dozen or more employees who are employed in the building, was discovered Saturday in time to prevent what would have proved the most terrible catastrophe of the kind in the history of Waukegan.

The man suspected of being back of the nefarious scheme to hurl to kingdom come so many persons and possibly blow up the entire block in which the bank is located, was Steven H. Kennedy, a member of the Lake County Bar Association, a man who for some year past has grown melancholy through financial reverses, etc.

His arrest followed the discovery of 25 sticks of dynamite, each of which contained the necessary caps two loaded revolvers, etc.

Kennedy is now in Lake county jail and will be given a hearing as to his insanity. He will be found to be insane and sent to the Elgin asylum, for consideration the discovery made, it is considered by officials and others a very dangerous thing to permit him to be at large.

That Kennedy had in mind the assassination of Attorney William C. Upton, one of the best known attorneys in Lake county, is known by the fact that it was his office in which Kennedy deposited his satchel containing the dynamite which it is believed he intended setting off. His arrest before executing plans which he is believed to have designed, prevented.

It was about 11:30 o'clock that Kennedy entered Mr. Upton's office, talked about some business matters and then said he wished to leave his grip in the office and would return for it at one o'clock. He set the grip down near the door of Mr. Upton's private office and left.

Mr. Upton knew that Kennedy had not been friendly to him for years hence he wondered if the satchel contained some infernal machine and accordingly called Assistant Chief Tyrrell, explaining the circumstances. The officer agreed with him, peered into the grip and then called Officer Lyon who took the grip to the police station, with a message from the chief to "handle it with care."

Assistant Chief Tyrrell then began plans for capturing Kennedy on his return at 1 o'clock as per his announcement. He went for Sheriff Green who accompanied him to the Upton office and there they remained. The chief also swore in as a special policeman a strapping fellow named Clark, who was to watch the office so Mr. Upton would not be left alone in case Kennedy returned. Mr. Tyrrell in the meantime was hustling details for getting Kennedy without trouble.

About 12:45 Kennedy came down town from his home and was in front of Burke & Wright's where former Officer Kenney happened to see him. Kenney spoke to a man named Liese and told him he was going to take Kennedy to the station, adding: "If he attacks me, get ready to jump in and help me." Walking up to Kennedy, Kenney said, "Tom wants to see you at the station." Kennedy protested, but in a minute consented to go along.

Just about then Tyrrell and Sheriff Green came along and followed the officer and Kennedy to the station. Upon entering, Tyrrell grabbed Kennedy's arm and held him while others searched him. The first thing found was the .38 calibre revolver which they took from his outside coat pocket.

Asked what he was doing with so much dynamite, Kennedy told Tyrrell that he "was just getting it to go down on the flats and experiment" on something he had in mind.

(Continued on page four)

CHITTENDEN IS BEATEN BADLY FOR HIS RENOMINATION

Supervisor Ralph Chittenden was "snowed under" at the Warren township caucus held Saturday, March 12, at Gurnee, when George T. McCullough, for years a supporter of Mr. Chittenden and a close friend, went into the caucus and beat him almost three to one for the nomination. At the end of the count, it was found McCullough had 224 votes to Chittenden's 86.

The avalanche was unexpected by Mr. Chittenden and his friends but the supervisor was not in the least affected for he rose and said: "Gentlemen, in face of the vote, I desire to make a motion that Mr. McCullough's nomination be made unanimous."

In Warren the nomination means election and especially when it is known that the ordinary vote, now with women voting, will be about 500. Before women voted, the normal vote was 280 in the township. Saturday 59 women voted, bringing the total vote cast Saturday up to 310 votes, the largest ever polled in the town before, for up to Women's suffrage coming in, there were but 280 men who had a right to cast a ballot.

Here is the rest of the ticket nominated:

Supervisor—
Geo. McCullough.....224
Ralph Chittenden.....86
Collector—Edwin Ray no opposition.
Assessor—O. B. Whitmore no opposition.
School Trustee—Mrs. M. B. Lake.
Highway Commissioner—
John Thomas.....122
W. C. Barnstable.....86
Clarke Chandler.....63

Two Sisters Die within Two Days

The death of Mrs. H. C. Edwards following so close on the death of her sister, Mrs. Chas. Vandemark, whose death occurred on Saturday night, is considered most unusual. Very rarely indeed do two brothers or sisters die within two days of each other. Both deaths were considered rather sudden.

Mrs. Margaret Edwards, wife of former Supervisor H. C. Edwards who at that time resided in Grayslake died suddenly Tuesday morning at 5 o'clock at her home in Waukegan. Death was a result of heart disease of which she had been a sufferer sometime. Had she lived until March 20, she would have been 59.

Mrs. Edwards was born on a farm in Libertyville township just north of Libertyville. Several years ago, with her husband and children, she removed to Waukegan where she lived about five years. This was during the time her daughter was attending high school, then the family returned to Grayslake, last fall they again moved back to Waukegan and have been living there since.

People's Town Caucus

A caucus of the legal voters of the town of Lake Villa will be held on Saturday, March 21, 1914, at the Village Hall in the Village of Lake Villa between the hours of 1 p. m. and 4 p. m., for the purpose of nominating one candidate for each of the following offices:

One Supervisor.
One Town Clerk.
One Assessor.
One Collector.
One Highway Commissioner for the east district.
One Constable.
Three Town Committeemen for the ensuing year.

All voting in said caucus shall be by ballot containing the names of all candidates and the manner of conducting the caucus and all voting therein shall be as near as may be in accordance with the Australian system of voting.

The undersigned chairman and secretary shall act as chairman and secretary of said caucus and shall certify the names of the successful candidates as required by law. No ballot shall be counted unless shall be indorsed thereon the initials of one of the judges hereinafter named. Each person desiring to become a candidate in said caucus shall give his name to one of the undersigned Town Committee on or before Thursday, March 19th, 1914, and then paying his share of the expenses of said caucus.

Town Committee,
Harry Stratton,
Scott LeVoY,
John Cribb.

Dated Lake Villa, Ill., Feb. 28th, 1914.

Probably Was Finding Out.
"How did you come to be a professional beggar?" "I ain't no professional beggar. I'm employed to get up statistics on how many heartless people there is in this town."—Stray Stories.

REINSTATE COUNTY TREASURER

Supervisors Voted For Reinstatement of Treasurer Without Dissenting Vote

INTEREST MATTER IN COURT

Westerfield Says He Will Not Turn Over Interest Money Until he Gets Court Ruling to Do So

The board of supervisors, without one dissenting vote last Thursday morning voted to reconsider its action of Friday, March 6th, and reinstate County Treasurer Carl P. Westerfield in the office from which the resolution adopted last week formally removed him.

The action of the board reinstating him came after the board convened in adjourned session. Mr. Westerfield, through Attorney Beaudien, presented the statement asked for last week by Mr. Dady, showing interest the county's moneys have paid since Westerfield assumed office, and immediately after the statement was read, Clarke moved that it be placed on file and put into the records.

Emmons then said: "As I voted for the resolution which ousted the treasurer and based my vote on his furnishing the statement asked by Mr. Dady, I now desire, seeing he has furnished that statement, to move to reconsider the resolution which ousted him and that Mr. Westerfield be reinstated into office."

Thus the matter drops, the interest issue to be formally settled in the courts when the case is put on formal trial in connection with the resolution, adopted by the board last week authorizing the state's attorney to put the matter on trial to determine who is entitled to the interests on funds held by the county treasurer.

The resolution adopted as follows: Waukegan, Ill., March 12, 1914. To the Honorable Board of Supervisors of Lake County, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Below I furnish a statement of all interest moneys received by me on all funds. I will gladly turn these moneys over to the county of Lake, when the court so rules that they belong to the county. I feel that these moneys belong to me personally, or I would not have retained them. I am the first treasurer that has ever been called upon to make such a statement with the county board, and I can not help but feel that it is an injustice. There is no provision in the statute that causes a county treasurer to have the moneys he is entrusted with earn moneys for the county.

The law is very specific regarding the duties of a county treasurer and plainly states that a county treasurer shall safely keep all moneys, books and valuable papers belonging to the county and when his successor is elected and duly qualified he shall turn same over to him. The figures are:

Security Savings Bank, Waukegan, Illinois.....\$4,161.11
First National Bank, Lake Forest, Illinois.....1,581.03
Lake County National Bank, Libertyville, Illinois.....1,601.76
Total.....\$7,343.90

In order to specifically meet the action of the board in asking me the two questions put to me in writing on Mar. 6, 1914, which two questions are of record in the proceedings of the board, I make the following answer, to the first question I answer "yes." To the second question I answer \$7,343.90.

You have made demand on me for payment of above sum to county of Lake. I respectfully decline to account for or pay said money to said county of Lake unless ordered to do so by a court proceeding.

Respectfully,
Carl P. Westerfield,
County Treasurer.

Slightly Unconscious.
Judge—"It is testified that you knocked him senseless. Is that true?" Prisoner—"Well, your honor, he was rather noncommittal after I struck him."

GRANT TOWNSHIP WILL NOT GO DRY THIS SPRING

Grant township will not go dry this spring!

There is no chance of even voting on the wet-dry issue this spring! It develops that the dries who had charge of getting the petitions out asking that the question be placed on the ballot this spring, "fell down" in the petition and that is why the question will not, as was generally expected, be put on the election ballot in April.

The reason the question will not appear is because town clerk William Jackson, after looking over the petition as filed by Douglas Wait and Gust Townsend, found it improperly drawn up as regards the signatures. The law says that the signers must affix their full names "and their residences." And, half of the signers left off their residences hence that made their signatures of no account and invalidated the whole petition.

Asked whether such is the case town clerk Jackson said Monday: "Yes, that's the fact—it will not be on the ballot and Grant township will be wet at least another year."

The petition had sufficient names affixed to it to justify its being placed on the ballot but about half of the signers failed to state where they lived, which according to the law, is necessary.

Summer Milk Prices

The scale of prices offered by the Borden company for summer milk was turned down by local producers, when the books of the company were opened to contract the summer milk supply.

The average price offered by the Borden company was \$1.34 1-6, while the producers demand an average of \$1.53. Producers generally were much disappointed over the Borden schedule as the majority of them confidently expected the price to be in the neighborhood of \$1.50 and the offer came as a surprise. Farmers say they will not sign unless a better price is forthcoming and they are ready to fight if necessary to secure the boost. The Milk Producers' association is said to have more members and is stronger than ever this year and the big milk concerns will have a hard fight on their hands before the farmers will allow them to dictate the prices. Local producers and members of every local are following the same tactics as last year in placing their milk in the hands of a committee to dispose of at the association prices. H. F. Greely, J. T. Bower and Otto Rasch constitute the local committee.

The scale offered by the Borden company for the six months is given below: April.....\$1.45 July.....\$1.35 May.....1.20 August.....1.50 June.....1.05 September.....1.50—Richmond Gazette.

Mrs. David Minto Passes Away

Another Lake county pioneer passed away Thursday night, March 12, when Mrs. David Minto of Loon Lake one of the first settlers in Lake county died at her home there after a prolonged illness culminating in a stroke of paralysis suffered recently.

Mrs. Minto was 75 years old. She came to Lake county in the early days when it was in its infancy and since that time has seen it grow into the prosperous position it now holds. Mrs. Minto took great interest in the things that went on about her and was always pleased even in the later years of her life. She was a woman of a kind heart and because of her loving personality made scores of friends among whom she chanced to meet.

The deceased is survived by a husband and one son and a daughter, Harold, who now operates the farm at Loon Lake and Una the daughter.

The funeral services were held from her late home Monday with interment in the Loon Lake cemetery.

Man Burned Fatally

Charles Hensel, 40 years old, employed in the Zengeler Cleaning shop in Lake Forest was badly burned Tuesday his body became a human torch following the explosion of a quantity of benzine used in the cleaning process. The victim was removed to the Alice Home hospital. His condition is said to be so serious that he has little or no chance of recovery.

Just how the accident happened is not known, as Hensel is in such a precarious condition that he has not been pressed for details. Pedestrians were startled when he rushed screaming from the shop his clothing a mass of flames.

Problem for the Idle

If the time is hanging heavy on your hands try to work put this. How many times in each 24 hours do the two hands of the clock appear at right angles to each other?—Baltimore News.

THOMPSON WILL GIVE CORN PRIZES

Boys and Girls of the Tenth Congressional District Will Have Corn Club

GET TRIP TO WASHINGTON

Boys and Girls Must be Between the Ages of 10 and 18 Years Old at the Time of Enrollment

As a representative in congress from the district in which you live. I hope I may be of some service to you, as well as to your fathers and mothers. To this end I propose to organize a boy's corn club and a girls' garden and canning club for the season of 1914. I am, therefore, making the following offer:

To the boy residing in our district who makes the best record in the corn club work for 1914 under the following basis of award I will give a free trip to Washington, D. C., at the time when the boys' and girls' agricultural club champions from the various states of the Union make their annual pilgrimage:

1. Greatest yield per acre.....30
2. Best showing of profit on investment.....30
3. Best exhibit of ten ears at county, district, state or local fair.....20
4. Best written history entitled, "How I Made My Crop".....20

Total score.....100

To the girl residing in our district who makes the best record in the garden and canning club work for 1914 under the following basis of award I will give a free trip to Washington, D. C., at the same time.

1. Quality.....20
2. Quantity total pounds of vegetables harvested and used.....20
3. Variety of canned products.....20
4. Profit on investment.....20
5. Written history on "How I Made My Crop".....20

Total score.....100

To be eligible to compete for either of these prizes you must be between the ages of ten and eighteen years, inclusive, at the time of enrollment with the United States department of agriculture. If a boy, you must agree to grow one full acre of corn, and if a girl you must agree to grow one-tenth acre of vegetables, chiefly tomatoes. All who join these clubs must further agree to submit a report to the department of agriculture at Washington, D. C., not later than December 1, 1914, according to instructions that will be furnished later.

If you care to enroll in one of these clubs, let me know by letter, where up on I shall be glad to send you the necessary enrollment card. I hope all boys and girls who may wish to get much valuable information and instruction from the government on corn growing and garden and canning work and have the opportunity of winning a trip to Washington, D. C., the expense of which I shall be glad to pay, will let me hear from them at once. If you have any boy or girl friends who would like to enter either of these clubs, please let them know.

Yours very truly,
Charles M. Thompson,
House of Rep., Washington, D. C.

Horses and Cards

"Why is it you always win at poker?" she asked, "and always lose when you back horses?" "Well, my dear," came the genial response, "I don't shuffe the horses."—London Express.

Always

There has always been a tendency on the part of saints, philosophers and excitable people generally to feel sure that what is wrong with the world is ignorance—that if only people might be induced to listen they could not but incline their hearts to the attractions of manifest righteousness.

Hindu Merry Widow

It is reported from Bombay that a Hindu widow immolated herself upon the funeral pyre of her husband and smiled as the flames played about her. The Oriental idea of the merry widow will never be popular in America.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

PRESIDENT OF THE FARMERS INSTITUTE GIVE IDEAS

Ten of the officers of the Farmers' institute met in Libertyville on Thursday, March 12, to arrange for the meetings of the coming year and to formulate plans for the programs to be given. About one half of the vice presidents of the association were not present but those in attendance were most enthusiastic over the progress made. Vice presidents will be urged to attend meetings in the future or requested to select another representative so that all towns in the country may have representation.

An innovation will be introduced this year in summer meetings. It is the plan to hold at least three of these during the growing season, probably in the month of June. One will be held on the state experimental plot on the David White farm in Antioch; Mr. Fisher of the State Agricultural college has had charge of this plot for several years, he will explain the rotation of crops practiced and give results; fields in the neighborhood will also be visited. Another summer meeting will probably be held on the Samuel Insull farm south of Libertyville.

A third meeting is planned about the time for selection of seed corn and will be in charge of some corn expert; it is hoped that this meeting may be held near Grayslake, possibly on the Sears' farms.

It was agreed that the association would lend its aid to any community desiring to hold an institute, the meeting to be in charge of the vice president of that town; the association will endeavor to secure speakers for occasions of this kind. The date of the annual institute, will be fixed by the president and secretary at a meeting in Chicago to be held in the near future, the time will probably be about the last of January or the first of February. It was agreed that the officers should ask the state association to furnish a dairyman and a household science speaker, and the State University to send a soil man for the annual institutes of next winter.

Peoples Town Caucus

A caucus of the legal voters of the town of Antioch will be held on Saturday, March 21, 1914, at the Village Hall in the village of Antioch between the hours of 1 p. m. and 4 p. m., for the purpose of nominating for each of the following:

One Assessor, one Highway Commissioner, one Constable, and the men for the ensuing year.

All voting in said caucus shall be by ballot containing the names of all candidates and the manner of conducting the caucus and all voting therein shall be as near as may be in accordance with the Australian system of voting. The undersigned chairman and secretary shall act as chairman and secretary of said caucus and shall certify the names of the successful candidates as required by law. No ballot shall be counted unless it shall be indorsed thereon, the initials of one of the judges hereinafter named. Each person desiring to become a candidate in said caucus shall give his name to one of the undersigned Town Committee on or before Friday, March 20, 1914, and then pay his share of the expenses of said caucus.

Town Committee,
Ed Wells,
W. T. Taylor,
B. H. Overton.

Dated, Antioch, Illinois, Feb. 24, 1914.

Mandamus To Get Collector

Attorney Barnes acting for the city of Zion, Tuesday filed a petition for mandamus in the district court directed against John Bash, town collector of the township of Benton, requesting a court order compelling Bash to turn over to Irving Thurston as treasurer of Zion, the funds belonging to the city collected by Bash from the taxes. The amount of the taxes is \$1,000.00.

He has refused to turn over the funds to Thurston as he is not the city treasurer.

B. S. Love, who was elected to the Voliva council, is a mercurial success. Motion, Fred, reading, We have a hearing, that instead of a hearing, we have a hearing.

Judge Whitney, a bear a good turnable next Monday at regular hearing had continue from important the care very fond of dinary a heart, fruits during the day by frost. hot dry summer send to you at pl them to fruit these wonderful be

Museum Japan has in all the countries sum of dec the year 166.

OSAI

INOIS

The TIME LOCK

Author of "The Silver Blade," "The Paternoster Ruby," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Rudolph Van Vechten, a young man of leisure, is astonished to see a man enter No. 1312, a house across the street from the Powhatan club, long unoccupied and spoken of as the House of Mystery. Several persons at regular intervals enter No. 1312. Van Vechten expresses concern to his friend, Tom Phinney, regarding the whereabouts of his cousin and fiancée, Paige Carrow. A fashionably attired woman is seen to enter the House of Mystery.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

The door had been closed behind the girl a minute or such a matter, when Van Vechten and Phinney saw it jerked partially open and at once banged violently shut again. In truth, they both plainly heard the concussion. Van Vechten rose and pressed his ear to the window, his gaze intent upon the door across the way.

"By Jupiter!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Tom, there's a scuffle going on over there, or I'm an Indian!" And his surmise was promptly affirmed. The door flew open with a final jerk and a brawny man could be seen standing upon the threshold. He was so large that he fairly blocked the doorway; his back was to the street; but it was plain that he was struggling with somebody beyond.

Save for themselves, the room was now once more deserted (since the passage of the luncheon hour) and there was nobody else to witness the abrupt termination of the affair.

Suddenly the man drew back his right arm and struck a mighty blow straight from the shoulder.

"Bing!" shouted Tom in gleeful admiration. "Oh, my! Wouldn't I hate to get a punch like that!"

Whoever did, obviously had no further stomach for opposing the truculent one, for the latter tore loose and in a down the steps. Van Vechten and Phinney recognized him as the man who had arrived at noon—Number eleven, they afterwards called him, relating him with the hour. He was long and considerably disheveled, otherwise he appeared to be the worse for the struggle.

Never, there was no mistaking that he was exceedingly strong. Once on the walk, he turned back his clenched fist at the closed portal, with a quivering of the arm that signified a passing thing and surging for adequate action. Then he apparently realized the futility of upbraiding an unyielding door, for he swung round off at a rapid pace.

"Tom!" Van Vechten was up and dragging at his friend's arm. "We must overtake that fellow!"

Speed that amazed Tom, Van Vechten sped the way to the street. The talking rapidly, and as they emerged from the club entrance he was hurrying the corner into Lexington.

The gait of the pursuer seemed almost a run when they turned the same corner, in spite of which they had not gained upon their quarry.

They saw him disappear eastward on Twenty-third street. The man who had been with the neighborly venturer; the Twenty-third street turned into Lexington.

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quitted himself so vigorously but a few short seconds previously, was lying at their feet—dead.

CHAPTER IV.

The Face in the Crowd. Up to the present moment the two young men had been confronted only by a series of mystifying incidents, baffling, to be sure, but bearing nothing sinister upon their face; and unless Van Vechten's more recent perturbation (at sight of the veiled lady) be taken into account, neither had the morning's queer events borne any especial significance whatsoever.

But here, in the twinkling of an eye, was tragedy stark and grim. Only a minute or two ago and this man was pulsing with the perfect vitality of young, vigorous manhood; now the spark of life was down—extinguished, as one might puff out the flame of a candle.

Both were profoundly sobered by the shocking end of their brief chase, and even Van Vechten's more active mentality was slow to accept realization. As for Tom Phinney, he merely stood gaping at the still form, his brain for the time being utterly benumbed.

The spell of horror was in a measure broken by a policeman's belated arrival. He stooped and turned up the man's face, and a thin crimson line could be seen staining the left temple. The features were composed, as if death had been kind and mercifully swift.

"Slugged," was the officer's sententious conclusion. Standing upright, he shot a glance round the crowd. "Who shot this fellow?" he roughly demanded.

Nobody replied; only an uneasy stirring undulated through the small gathering, which promptly settled again into silent immobility; and the blue-coat, as usually happens in such cases, sought to cover with rudeness his incompetency to handle the situation.

It was at about this juncture, Van Vechten forever afterwards remembered, that he first became aware of the face. He was standing behind Tom, a bit to his left, and opposite the alley mouth. His entire attention, naturally enough, up to this time had been absorbed by the ugly scene at his feet. It was all the more strange, therefore, that his mind should have been attracted and held elsewhere, even temporarily. But nevertheless, all at once he experienced an indefinable, irresistible impulse to glance upward at a certain point in the ring of onlookers. And his regard came to rest upon a particular face.

Straightway he became sensible of an unfamiliar thrill, an abrupt quickening of the pulse, for which he could not in the least account.

Perhaps he would have looked away again at once had there not come to him, as instantaneously as had the impulse to glance upward, a conviction that the face signified something far out of the ordinary. The present circumstances might in a measure account for the horror mirrored there, but not for the despair, the terror, which seemed gradually to be chilling the face's owner into a statue of ice.

The face, Van Vechten told himself, was reflecting emotions of a depth and potency for which the man's death alone was wholly inadequate to account; the fixed stare was directed at something beyond and behind the lifeless figure.

It was a girl's face. It was refined and delicate of contour, and was framed in a nimbus of wavy midnight hair. It was, moreover, a strikingly beautiful face—even hauntingly beautiful, for it was a face which the beholder would not be likely to forget for many and many a day. Van Vechten knew that he had never seen the girl before; still there was something about her that teased and perplexed him.

He knew dimly, later, that she must have been slender and not very tall, for she was standing in the paved alley, on the crowd's outward edge, and it was only an accident of relative positions that afforded her an uninterrupted view.

What terrible, gripping horror was it that seemed to be paralyzing all her faculties? What did this man's death signify to her more than it did to anyone else here present?

To one such as Van Vechten, accustomed to reading the all but imperceptible indices of schooled features, this vision was like a naked human soul. Terror and despair parted the delicate pink lips and widened the lustrous dark eyes, they blanched her cheeks and held her breathless, utterly oblivious of aught else save the dead man.

And now he discovered, suddenly, that he was not the only person interested in the agitated girl. His attention was somehow drawn to a man standing a half dozen or so feet from her; a tall, raw-boned fellow with a powerful frame and a sullen cast of countenance—a countenance just now scratched and bruised, as if its owner had recently met with a severe accident of some kind.

This man was staring angrily at the girl. He too seemed to be oblivious of the dead man.

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the dead man, and intent only upon catching her eye. And then the magnetism of his look had its effect; her eyes were drawn to his, and she came to herself with a start. A tinge of color appeared in her cheeks; but Van Vechten observed that the terror and despair still lingered in her eyes.

Van Vechten turned his attention to the man with something like resentment stirring in his bosom, for the fellow's manner suggested a proprietary relationship toward the girl, which, for a reason he did not attempt just then to explain, made him angry. As far as attire went, the man was presentable enough; but Van Vechten was not favorably prepossessed by the sullen, battered countenance, the coarse, sandy hair, nor the big, loose-jointed, powerful body.

Then the cautioning glance was of a sudden accounted for; the man, satisfied that the girl had caught his meaning.



"My God! Don't—Don't Look at Me Like That!"

ing, showed that he had noted Van Vechten's more than casual regard, by a vindictive look from a pair of steely gray eyes—a look at once so keen and truculent and challenging that its recipient was for the moment dumfounded.

However, Van Vechten's puzzlement over this strange bit of byplay, his engrossing admiration of the girl's beauty, was broken rudely in upon by a sudden confused movement of the crowd. With clanging bell and a noisy clatter of iron-shod hoofs upon the asphalt, a police ambulance drew up at the alley. Phinney and Van Vechten were jostled with the others, and the latter's attention was distracted from the girl and the sandy-haired man.

He watched a second officer and the young surgeon leap nimbly down; the first to join his comrade in holding the crowd at bay, the other to render such aid to the stricken man as any faint indication of life might call for. The motionless figure, however, was beyond the reach of any surgeon's skill; it required but a cursory inspection to determine this.

Van Vechten saw, hazily, the young physician indicate the mark on the man's temple, and lay the tip of a forefinger upon another spot behind the left ear, the while he talked in undertones to the two policemen. Then the crowd quieted, and he had an opportunity to look at the girl again.

It was with something of a shock that he realized she was no longer confronting him. His glance flew quickly wither and thither—even hoping for the sandy-haired man, as a sort of clue—but she was nowhere to be seen. Both had vanished.

The ambulance was now departing with its silent burden, the crowd was dissolving or breaking up into little groups to discuss the tragedy, and the two friends were walking at a leisurely pace back to the Powhatan. Once more to themselves, and Tom Phinney's volubility returned.

"Why the dickens didn't you want to tell him what you know?" he demanded.

The answer was uttered softly. "Tom, whatever reasons I may have I couldn't put into words. At least, I shan't attempt to just now. You surely know what a 'hunch' is; your scheme of life seems largely to be governed by them."

"Huh!" grunted Tom, without understanding, but inadvertently hitting upon a part of the reason for his friend's reticence. "It is the veiled lady in the taxi; you think you are on the scent of an adventure. Rats! No adventure there. She was a lady, I can tell you that."

The other gave him a sharp glance, as if estimating the degree of his perspicacity. How much could Tom tell? "Tom"—after a moment, "If you must talk—and I know your limitations as compared with your intentions—promise me that you will not mention the lady in the taxi to anybody."

Van Vechten's manner was so deliberate and grave that Tom favored him with a questioning stare.

"Why, sure, Ruddy," was the prompt and hearty response—"If it's as serious as all that. You know her—what?"

"No, I don't. But I think that I should—which is quite a different thing."

He knew that one phase of the morning's happenings would not be too much for Tom to keep to himself, and for some unexplained reason Van Vechten wanted it to be the mysterious lady of the taxi-cab.

As they were turning into the Powhatan's granite archway, Van Vechten bent an inquisitive glance toward Number 1312. His curiosity was now immeasurably augmented by a fresh interest. And he received another shock—one that fairly staggered him.

For the first time in all the months that he had surveyed the silent facade, he caught a movement at one of the blinds. It was drawn aside, and he was afforded a momentary glimpse of a girl's face—the face of the girl in the crowd.

But it was not this circumstance alone that stirred him. She was gazing directly at him with a look that was both bitterly scornful and accusing.

In this new men the face was even more beautiful than he had dared hope for. But why should she be withering him with a look of contemptuous disdain and rebuke? He had never in all his life seen her face before this day.

He was actually stung to an involuntary expression of protest. "My God! Don't—don't look at me like that!"

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He was actually stung to an involuntary expression of protest. "My God! Don't—don't look at me like that!"

"Er—what?" Tom jerked out, slaving around and following Van Vechten's set gaze.

But the blinds were again closed. "You need a cocktail," Tom counseled pitifully after a pause. "This thing of not going to bed at night so as to be up before noon has got you to seeing things."

"My dear fellow," was the composed reply, "you can't imagine how eminently correct you are in that conclusion." And as they passed inside: "No cocktail, though, thanks. And if you do not mind, go talk to somebody else; I want to think."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Interest in Colors of Beards. The color of beards arouses many points of interest. All the ancient tapestries show Cain and Judas Iscariot with yellow or red beards, and Pontius Pilate in ancient art always was given a beard. (Being a Roman of good family, he probably had no beard; but those details did not trouble the old masters.) A reddish beard, however, does not carry the significance that goes with red hair, for many eminent men with dark brown hair have had reddish beards.

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NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



Capital Calling System Is Revamped by Women

WASHINGTON—Women in official society circles met here the other day and discussed the national capital's complex calling system with a view to evolving a simpler and more satisfactory method of exchange of the formal call. The meeting was held at the Congressional club in response to a call by Mrs. Duncan U. Fletcher, its president.

Former Ambassador Henry White, who served on diplomatic missions to London, Paris, Rome and other European capitals, told of social obligations as he had observed them abroad.

Among those in attendance were Mrs. Marshall, wife of the vice-president; Mrs. Bryan, wife of the secretary of state; Mrs. White, wife of the chief justice of the Supreme court, wives of cabinet officers and others.

Mrs. Fletcher voiced the sentiment of those present by declaring the necessity for a simpler calling system was imperative. Everybody, she said, wants to return every call that is made upon them, but there is a limit of hours in the day and days in the week.

"On her first afternoon at home," said Mrs. Fletcher, "Mrs. Marshall had a thousand calls and they have averaged between 300 and 500 each Wednesday since. Her sincere effort to return every call has been the comment and admiration of all Washington society, but how can anybody return in person several thousand calls in one season? Mrs. Marshall's experience is in greater or less degree duplicated by every official hostess in Washington."

The question of simplifying formal calling in Washington has been growing more acute during the last ten years, but this meeting was the first attempt at simplification.

American Youth Scramble for Places in Navy

It takes a "Jimmy" these days to break into the United States navy as a plain, ordinary seaman; a stick of dynamite is necessary to get in as an apprentice or yeoman. The navy department and its recruiting stations have "waiting lists" containing hundreds of names of young, husky youths "hankering" to go to sea.

The full, active membership of the navy is limited by law to 51,500 men, and there are that many enlisted men now on the pay rolls. For the first time since the Civil war the full quota of men allowed by law has been enlisted.

The bars as to fitness have not been let down, and no men with physical or mental defects have been enlisted, but there has been good advertising. The tales of the cruises and the details of the chances for obtaining an education, sent out in pamphlet form, have swelled the ranks so that the bars had to be put up.

The greatest number of monthly enlistments, except in war time, was made in the last six months since Secretary Daniels began his revolutionary reforms in the navy.

Perhaps the chief cause for the great influx of fine, hardy young men into the naval service in the last few months was the recent Mediterranean cruise of the great Atlantic fleet.

This cruise was a regular pleasure trip for the young seamen, and it was intended that it should be such by the navy department. Long stops were made at all the principal cities on the Mediterranean, where shore leave was given. At the different seaports the American sailors were entertained in lavish style by naval and civic organizations, and in every way shown a general good time.

Tales of cruises contained in letters sent back to friends from foreign ports also fire the imagination of young friends "back home." For instance, the recruits at the Chicago training station were recently sent overland to Bremerton, Wash. They were allowed a stop-over at Yellowstone park, and other interesting places. Soon after arriving at Bremerton they were assigned to the cruiser New Orleans, which sailed for Mexican waters. On its trip south the cruiser stopped at San Francisco, where shore leave was given to the youngsters. Now it is reported that as soon as the Mexican trouble is settled the New Orleans will sail for the Orient.

Discuss the Increasing Scarcity of Army Horses

THERE has been recently a discussion going on among the army and navy men on the increasing scarcity of army horses. The army quartermasters, who have to do with the purchasing of horses for military establishments, say that there is really an alarming scarcity of good animals. Of course, it is well known that the war department is more or less hampered by the fact that congress has not appropriated sufficient money to enable the quartermaster's department to acquire horses in sufficient number to supply all the mounted commands. Consequently there is a shortage in horses caused by the distribution of troops on the border and elsewhere and by the increase of war strength of troops service peace strength.

If there were to come an emergency calling for a large number of horses the war department would have great difficulty in getting them. It is said that one reason for the scarcity of horses is the falling off of the product of those who are raising horses. It is unofficially declared that the increased use of automobiles has had its influence on the rearing of horses, despite the assertions to the contrary.

The motor trucks also seriously affect the market for draft animals, but that has to do mostly with the mule, so far as the army is concerned. The mule will always be a necessity, despite the improvement which has been made in the motor trucks. The animal must be used with the troops in the field. The trucks will be useful for supplying the column in the rear.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1914

STEPHEN KENNEDY

ARRESTED

(Continued from page one.)

"What he had in mind was to see just how he had to hit the bunch of dynamite in order to have it explode," said the officer, who questioned as to what he believed Kennedy was planning to do said: "I believe he deposited that satchel there with the idea of rushing back into the office, pulling the gun from his pocket firing into the satchel and blowing up everybody who was in range of the explosive and the guns. The .44 calibre gun in the case, was set in such a way that it pointed down in the bank.

The statement that Kennedy planned going to the flats caused the police to give credence to the statement made some time ago that Kennedy was shooting at dynamite on the Lake shore north of town some weeks ago when the city was shaken by an explosive which resembled an earthquake and which many felt might have been a meteor which dropped into the lake. The belief now is that after all, it was Kennedy who was experimenting on the lake shore.

Asked where he got the dynamite, Kennedy said he purchased it in Chicago at Montgomery Wards for experimental purposes.

When he was taken into the station Kennedy looked pale and haggard, in fact he had looked badly for sometime and his friends have felt sorry for him long because he appeared melancholy, sick and down hearted all the time.

His animus towards certain persons has caused many to fear dire results and that is why the officers now feel the time has come when it is not safe to permit him to be out.

President Durt of the Security Savings Bank did not know of the Kennedy incident until 2 o'clock when a reporter told him what a close call it was felt the bank had had.

One theory was that Kennedy placed the satchel where he did in the Upton office, that he planned returning to the bank and pulling a bead on the ceiling, shoot into it and thus cause the explosion, although he himself would not be in the room.

The officers feel that Kennedy did not think of the outcome to himself in his plans, for he surely would have gone up with the others in case the plans they feel he should have carried through.

With an officer on each side of him, Attorney Stephen H. Kennedy who was found to be insane by a jury in County Judge Person's court Monday and who was ordered committed to the insane asylum at Elgin, was removed from his cell in the Lake county jail Tuesday morning at seven o'clock and was assisted on board a Chicago and Northwestern train, bound for Elgin.

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WAUKEGAN - ILLINOIS
LOUIS J. GURNEE Secretary

West End Rod & Gun club to Ellen Hannigan lot 10, Cedar park, in sec 34, east Antioch twp w d \$ 1075 00

Ruby Stevens and hus to J E Brook 228 acres in sec 14, 15 e Antioch twp w d 1 00

J E Brook and wf to Chase Webb undivided 1/2 of 228 acres in sec 14, 15 e Antioch twp w d 1500 00

Ernest Bock to M. J. Auer part east 50 feet, blk 5, Shady Nook sub on Lake Marie w d 1 00

Alice Smith to A. J. Lewis, lot 13, Spafford's add to Antioch Twp Smith to A J Lewis lot 12 Spafford's add to Antioch w d 1 00

Chase Webb & wf to Elizabeth Cox lot in sec 20, e Antioch twp w d 1 00

W F Girard and wf to Chase Webb lot 11, Bocks sub Antioch twp w d 1 00

Wilton and wf to Frank group, and wf lots 4 and 5 in sec 14, 15 e Antioch twp w d 1 00

Other Johnnotts add to Antioch twp w d 1 00

"A Daily Thought.
It is a magnet, that which it attracts, it will draw to itself. On a mind on strength, power and you will draw strength, I love to you.—P. Mulford.

"Never Again.
A man with the concave expression to his philosopher's face, never again tell me that I am not a philosopher, since my wife has been debating societies, two and private dancing class, mine."—Exchange.

ENTICING OF LEONARD

By LILLIAN YARBROUGH.

"I thought, of course, that you would be one of the bridesmaids," remarked Mabel as she and Jane were discussing the wedding of their friend Ida. "You and Leonard were always such great friends, too."

"Yes, ever since high school days. But," Jane laughed, "it happens, you know, that it's the bride and not the groom who chooses the bridesmaids, and I'm forced to believe that Ida regards me as a baffled enemy."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, I'm the victim of a chain of circumstantial evidence. Far be it from me to interfere with Ida's matrimonial prospects, but I'm quite sure Ida feels that I've been basely trying to tear Leonard from her. Yet the fact is that my interest in him is merely of a mild, reminiscent type. It doesn't make any difference to me about being left out of the bridal party. Those pink veils the bridesmaids are going to wear are hideous, but I do hope poor dear old Leonard has been able to convince Ida that there are no tender sentiments between us."

"I hadn't seen Leonard for a long time—nor since the engagement was announced—until one day about a month ago, when I was scurrying along the street looking for shelter from a sudden shower. Leonard came out of a building, and as he was raising his umbrella he caught sight of poor me. He asked where I was going and said he would take me, as the shop I mentioned was only a little out of his way."

"He gave me his arm, and, with the umbrella tight down over our heads, we marched to the shop door, where to my great surprise, Ida stood waiting on the weather uncertainly. She gave us a keen glance as she greeted us, but I laughed and said that Leonard could continue his calling of good Samaritan. Then, pleading an immediate engagement, I darted into the store."

"The next Sunday morning I was in the Randalls' car and we passed Leonard. Mr. Randall called to him to take the seat in the tonneau next me. He protested that he hadn't time for a ride, so Mr. Randall said to get in, and he'd take him where he was going. Then he turned in the direction of Ida's house. Ida was sitting on the steps and I fancied that she wasn't quite so pleased to see me as one might have expected."

"Well, it did look funny—your being together so soon again."

"Yes, but the next time looked funnier still. It was in the tearoom of a downtown store. I was wandering about looking for a table when Leonard spied me and insisted that I join him at one of those little tables by the window. We had just given our order when along came Ida. I saw her first, and I bowed and smiled as gayly as I could, but to my horror, she looked past me with a stony air that was most disconcerting."

"There's Ida!" I cried to Leonard. And he, as he saw her pass the table with her head majestically high, rose and hastily followed. Of course, I bashed myself in Jericho, but I wasn't tried all during that ghastly meal to chat merrily, but I knew my air of nonchalance was, overdone. Poor Leonard, too, attempted a careless gait, but his temperature fell every time Ida's cold glance descended upon him. I really hoped when I parted with them after the coffee that I should never see either one of them again. But I was doomed."

"A week didn't pass before I met Leonard in a candy shop. He beamed upon me with a smile that showed me he had allayed Ida's suspicions."

"This is great, Jane," he said. "I came in to order a box of candy for Ida, and now I'm going to buy you one, too, for old friendship's sake. In a little while I'll be married! I'm happy to say, and then I'll have to cease buying candy for little schoolmates. What kind do you like best?"

"Any other person who had suffered a series of experiences like mine would have had sense enough to flee from the store without an instant's delay. But the candy tempted me. I remembered his generous boxes of old, and I lingered."

"Of course, my usual fate pursued me. Ida came and I stammered and blushed as violently as if I had shamelessly deceived Leonard to that candy counter myself! Imagine my feelings when Leonard gave me the five pound box of nougats the clerk handed him. If he had been the least bit intelligent he would have kept that box under his arm and presented it to Ida after I had passed casually out of the store. Aren't some men idiots?"

What He Left.

"Who has been into this bag of cakes?" asked Mr. Homebody.

"I didn't touch one," exclaimed Johnny.

"Well, how is it that there is only one left out of six I had in there?" demanded Mrs. Homebody.

"That's the one I didn't touch," explained Johnny.

TRIALS OF MARRIED LIFE

By C. J. SOLOMON.

"In a misguided moment," said the girl who likes to talk, "I bought Dicky a wife for \$1. The bird store man said the fact that she looked Ethiopian instead of a beautiful clear yellow like Dick did not in the least reflect upon her domestic qualities, so I carried her home in a pasteboard box so carefully that the populace suspected me of possessing a dynamite bomb and so gave me a wide berth."

"We popped Susie into his cage and stood on guard to rescue her should Dicky show fight. Susie chirped, shook her feathers straight and made for the seed cup with positively not the slightest interest in Dick. She had been living among a caged of birds when I purchased her, so one other bird did not make her even bat an eyelash. Susie is swift of movement and the way she shot around that cage investigating it was a caution."

"Dicky retired to a corner and just watched her in a pained, dazed way. If I approached he regarded me so reproachfully that I was overwhelmed with disgrace. As plainly as possible for a canary to ejaculate he was saying: 'What have I done that you should ruin my happy home this way? She runs the whole place!'

"He was so exactly like a real bachelor man that I giggled. 'So she does—Dick,' I told him. 'You don't realize it, poor chap, but Susie, like all women, owns the place and you included and you'll be saying 'Please, missus,' before a week is out!'

"And he was. Susie would beat him over the head if he tried to eat when she wanted food. She was terribly greedy and ate all the time. After they had battled over the seed cup a few times I put in another and then there was temporary peace. Dicky was so cowed and miserable that I felt sorry for him, but I realized that his masculine character needed the discipline."

"When I put the nest inside she had him carting and carrying strings and stuff all day up to the nest and after he had it there she would throw it out petulantly. He never got used to her lightninglike flashes around the cage and was so humble and tried so hard to please her that he had no time for anything else."

"After Susie began to sit on three little blue eggs he was bored with domestic life and refused to feed her. Thereupon Susie would hop off the nest, chase him around the cage and beat him good and proper and Dicky would call for help with a strangled, surprised 'Pe-e-e!' that meant, 'Now, what in thunderation have I done, I'd like to know!'

"I would rescue him and let him sit on my shoulder, from whence he would talk to me indignantly and piteously and tell me what an awful time he was having and how he hated his home. Always when I took him out he would burst into glorious, relieved song and have the time of his life. When I put him back he would fluff his feathers and sulk and snap at Susie if she came near him."

"When the little birds hatched he was plainly disgusted with them and with Susie, who was idiotically happy. 'Pink worms with fuzz on 'em,' he said with one toss of his head and then disregarded his family utterly. Occasionally Susie would boil over and beat him, but he scorned the nest. Yet once in a while I would find him sitting on the upper perch, meditatively surveying his offspring."

"Then one day he deliberately pulled out a feather from one of them and I took him out of the cage and put him in another. Was he relieved and happy? I give you my word that perverse bird shrieked himself hoarse all day, uttering on the side of the cage next his family, refusing to eat or do a thing but yell. Susie seemed entirely happy without him and busied herself with feeding her family, paying no attention to his agonized calls."

"When I couldn't stand the noise any longer I put Dicky back in the family cage and he made the nest in one hop, beamed at his children and then frantically began hunting food for them. There was not another peep out of him."

"Now, if he didn't act like a real human man throughout the whole proceeding I'd like to know it!"—Chicago Daily News.

Always Uneasy.

No matter how prosperous some people may be, in their minds they are headed towards the poorhouse.—Manchester Union.

One Grand Sweet Song.

Payton—"After his death an autopsy was performed." Mrs. Malaprop—"How swell! By which orchestra?"—Life.

Cynical Man Wrote This.

It is a mistake to imagine that all women are fond of retelling gossip. Most of them would rather wholesale it.—Exchange.

No Talk Lost.

"So Kate and Alice are not on speaking terms." "No; but they more than make up for it by what they say about each other."



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A GREAT Continued Story of the World's Progress which you may begin reading at any time, and which will hold your interest forever. You are living in the best year of the most wonderful age, of what is doubtless the greatest world in the universe. A resident of Mars would gladly pay—

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The "Shop Notes" Department (20 pages) gives easy ways to do things—how to make useful articles for home and shop, repairs, etc.

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Daily there are articles devoted to the household—advance fashion news, helpful housekeeping hints, etc., etc.—Sparkling editorial comments on topics of the day—brilliant thoughts of big minds on timely subjects—clean, crisp columns of sports—pointed paragraphs by one of America's foremost humorists—clever cartoons of passing events—and a continued story by some noted author. The Record-Herald news gathering facilities are world-wide in scope, and unrivaled in reliability. Comprising the news of the Associated Press—telegraph news from special correspondents in every large city of the East and in every town of the Central West—news that comes over leased wires from New York and Washington—and the foreign cable service of two of the biggest New York City newspapers.

AND ALL FOR 1 1/10 CENTS A DAY!
It's nothing to hesitate over! It's something to grasp—NOW, while it's offered! Stop in at the office, or send us a check with your order, while the opportunity lasts.

Here's the Proposition, Briefly:
THE CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD (regular price for one year) daily, six days a week \$4.00

The Antioch News \$1.00

BOTH to you TODAY (special price for one year) \$4.00

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Capital and Surplus
\$40,000

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W. S. Westlake
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E. B. Williams
Chase Webb
V. H. Strang

STATE SUPERVISION

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abets an inclination to "spend." Cash in bank begets a pride in the amount of the "balance" and thus abets an inclination to save. Many a man headed toward a state of chronic improvidence in money matters, has been turned "right about face" by the opening of a bank account.

We invite your account, no matter how modest the beginning, and will help you to make it grow by paying you 3 per cent. interest compound semi-annually.

\$1 or more opens a saving account

3 PER CENT. INTEREST ON SAVINGS

LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcement and the
Elgin Butter Market.

ELGIN, ILL., Mar. 16—The committee declared butter at 27.

Full cream cheese at Webb's. adv
Ernest Horton left for Chetek, Wis., Sunday evening.

For Rent—An eight room house on Ida avenue. Inquire of Jos. Savage.

For Sale—A good building lot on easy payments. Inquire of Chase Webb, adv

Leslie Harden of Rockefeller spent Sunday and Monday with Antioch relatives.

April 1st the Soo Line will run into the Grand Central dept. This is official.

There will be German Lutheran services at the Christian Church on next Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Wanted—To buy summer cottage of 7 or 8 rooms. Address G. E. Ingham, 20 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Oil Meal at Hunt's. adv
The picture show last Saturday evening was declared by all present to have been excellent. Next Saturday evening will be just as good.

The W. C. T. U. convention being held here yesterday and today is drawing good sized audiences at each session. A number of outsiders are in attendance.

The Duluth train was held at Antioch this morning for an hour on account of two freight cars on a north bound freight train. being derailed near Loon Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Wilton entertained about twenty five of their friends at their home Tuesday afternoon at a kitchen shower in honor of their granddaughter, Miss Edna Hunter.

All persons wishing to become candidates at the town primary to be held Saturday, March 21, should file their name with the town committee not later than Friday, March 20, otherwise their names will not appear on the regular primary ballot.

Nomination papers will be circulated for Mrs. Alvin Vickers for member of the county board. Mrs. Vickers is well educated, possesses good executive ability and takes a live interest in educational affairs.—Chetek Alert

Milk cans at Hunt's. adv

Great was the consternation among the checker sports of our village Monday evening when it became known that the long recognized champion checker player of the town. B. H. Overton had met his Waterloo, and added to the fact that their idol had fallen was the knowledge that he had fallen good and hard. The great tryout was played in the presence of a number of the local enthusiasts and was between the erst while champion and Homer Hendee who proudly boasts of his 87 years of age. From the start the latter named gentleman seemed to have clear and easy sailing and quietly added one game after another to his credit. When the result was announced it showed Hendee with a proud total of seven, while Overton was clinging for dear life to his one and only victory out of the eight games.

For Town Clerk

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of town clerk at the coming primary, subject to the decision of the majority of the legal voters.
Walter Chinn.

For Collector

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of collector for the township of Antioch at the coming primaries subject to the will of the majority of the legal voters. N. E. Proctor. tf

Vocational Training.

"She has a complexion like tinted porcelain." "Yes, I know; she took lessons in china painting."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Too Many.

There are about 200 brands of religion. But that isn't so many when you remember that there are about 78,952,354 brands of cussedness.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Watch Physicians' Movements.

The Berlin telephone station has a scheme by which the movement of physicians are recorded in case of an urgent call when their services will be desired quickly.

Forget to Collect Their Money.

The British government every year reaps a huge profit from the people who forget their own government stock when dividends fall due. The fault rests entirely with the stockholders for they even forget to give their addresses, so that they can be notified that money awaits them in the government coffers. In this case, about \$5,000,000 is passed on to the national debt commission, and in turn it receives the interest from this money.

The only child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dibble is very sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther are this week moving onto a farm near Russell.

Attorney James Welch of Waukegan was a business visitor here Wednesday.

Hillebrand's ad this week is brand new and contains some special bargains.

Money back if Hesse's stock food don't do the business. Chase Webb adv

After April 1st the milk train will only run to Forest Park nlyand return.

Mrs. H. A. Radtke visited relatives at Honey Creek, Wis., the latter part of last week

Wanted—To rent summer cottage of 7 or 8 rooms. Address G. E. Ingham, 20 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. A. E. Case entertained sixteen of her Antioch friends at her home at Channel Lake last Saturday evening. The time was pleasantly spent with music, cards and dancing. A most enjoyable time was had by all.

Calf Meal at Hunt's. adv
Victor Chinn who has rented the small building of Wm. Kelly which is situated in the rear of the Kelly garage is this week adding a gasoline engine to his necessary machinery for feed grinding.

Lew Felter and wife returned Monday from Walworth where they have been for the past three weeks. While in their absence a sign was placed upon their home announcing that their house was for rent. Lew says he took peaceable possession.

Mr. Espey was very pleasantly surprised at his home last Thursday eve by the teachers and pupils of the eighth grade and high school. They brought with them an ample supply of good things to eat and also as a parting gift presented Mr. Espey with a pair of gold cuff links.

Women in Illinois who do not pay their poll tax cannot be forced to work on the roads in rural districts as the men are forced to do. Neither can women be forced to accept jury service. These discoveries were made by William C. Flannigan, town clerk of Aurora township, who has been besieged with inquiries from women who were afraid that they might be made to work on the roads for failure to pay their \$3 each, as provided under the Tice law.

Tax Notice

I will be at the store of Chase Webb in the village of Antioch every Wednesday and Saturday to receive taxes.
W. T. Taylor, Collector. tf

For Collector

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of collector for the Town of Lake Villa at the coming primaries, subject to the will of the majority of the legal voters. Percy Dibble. tf

For Town Clerk

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of town clerk at the coming primary, subject to the decision of the majority of the legal voters. Your support will be appreciated.
C. F. Richards.

Obstacle.

Photographer—"Look pleasant, please." Victim—"I guess you'll have to move that 'Terms Cash' sign."

Why?

Sometimes it seems as if every person who was lacking in initiative, special ability or industry desired to be either a writer, an actor or an artist. The most agreeable way for a lazy person to make a living is to express his own opinions, emotions and impressions.—Harper's Weekly.

Merely a Supply City.

The raising of chickens and the production of eggs are things apart to the farmers in the Basel consular district. While Basel is one of the principal supply cities of Europe for poultry and eggs, only a small percentage is actually produced in the Basel district or in Switzerland.

"Popple."

In some English dialects "popple or popple" (for it is variously spelt and pronounced), seems to mean a large pebble (A.S. papol). The same word survives today among sea-faring men, who talk of a "popple" sea, meaning a "choppy sea"—one the surface of which is agitated with innumerable "lumpy" waves. On the other hand, there is an old English word "popple" meaning "poplar," which is in use today in some parts of Canada. Evidently the word as it stands is of considerable interest, and of double derivation and meaning.

Concerning Grammar.

A sweet little voice—that sounded like it usually used better grammar.—Nell Brinkley in the Journal. Sounds like better grammar ain't being used this season.—F. P. A. in New York Mail.

Ball brand guaranteed rubber boots at Webb's.

Sugar dairy feed \$22.50 per ton. Goodrich Lumber company. adv

The Waukegan Rug Man will be here on or about Tuesday, March 21, and will call for carpets.

Mrs. J. C. James and son Ralph returned home from their three weeks stay at Minneapolis on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Williams returned home Monday after a five weeks visit with their son Roy and wife at Dexter, Kan.

Chick feed at Hunt's. adv

The Antioch Fire Department are requested to meet in the Village Hall on Tuesday evening, March 24. Your presence is requested. H. Billett, Fire Marshal.

I have just received my line of 1914 wall paper sample books. Will be pleased to have you call and look them over. No trouble to show books. John Drury, Antioch.

Notice

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of collector for the Township of Antioch at the coming primaries, subject to the will of the majority of the legal voters. W. T. Taylor.

For Collector

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of collector for the township of Antioch at the coming primaries, subject to the will of the majority of the legal voters. W. T. Taylor. tf

Tip to Transgressors.

"Ef, ez dey say," observed Br'er Williams, "de devil invented de taango dance, sinners should practice it night an' day, kaze it'll be a life-saver ter 'um wen dey hits de hot pavement down below ter know how ter hop high."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Dear Things.

Miss Elderly—"They say that marriages are made in heaven." Miss Young—"Ah, then you have one chance more."

Flee One Would Avoid.
The most injurious flea is the Chigoe, or sand flea, which comes from the Kerguelen Islands, in the Indian ocean. There is also one with claws like those of a lobster, which is found on a small bird in South America.

Secret of Secret-Keeping.

If a woman could only keep secret the fact that she has a secret to keep, her secret would be safe.—Boston Transcript.

Popular Song Suggestions.

"The weeping willow had been only eating onions, after all."

The Burglar's Daughter.
Father to Sutor—My daughter will not have a dowry, but I will give her this set of keys, which no doubt you will find useful.

Daily Thought.

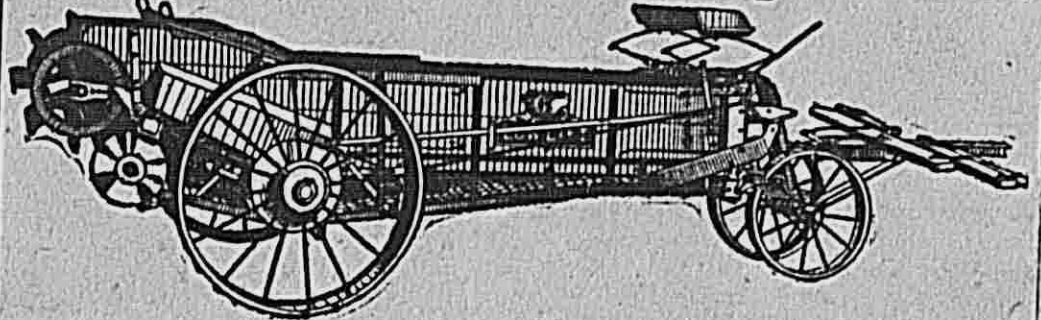
With respect to luxury and comforts, the wisest have ever lived a more simple and meager life than the poor.—Thoreau.

Pa Had Been There.

"Pa, what is scientific salesmanship?" "Selling a dress suit to a man who went into the store to buy a celluloid collar."—Detroit Free Press.



I. H. C. Low Lift Spreaders



A few years ago most farmers spread their manure and other fertilizers on the land and plowed it under. Experience and enlightenment from agriculture tests have proven that far better results can be obtained by spreading all fertilizers on the soil where the plants can get all their nourishment. By using a I. H. C. Low Lift Spreader these results can be accomplished in the best and easiest way. This spreader has a variation of feed from five to fifteen loads per acre which enables a farmer to put the necessary amount on each field. It is of the low type, but not so low as to impair the draft, but makes it an easy machine to load. It has a solid steel frame, trussed and braced like a bridge or tressel; large traction wheels and many other features that can only be appreciated when seen or used, so when in Antioch drop in at F. J. Hunt's Hardware and Implement Store and look this machine over. It will pay you.

FRANK J. HUNT
ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS

Some Special Inducements For
This Week at Hillebrand's

Bib aprons, good size, suitable for kitchen wear, either light or dark,

For Only 20c.

Muslin petticoats 18 inch embroidered flounce, for only

\$1.00 to \$1.25

New supply of white waists in the popular new crepe, as well as other materials. Prices very reasonable.

An assortment of the newest in braids, bandings, etc., including the rose trimming, the ratine braid and the gold edgings and insertions. You cannot fail to find just what you want among them, the prices range from 20c to 50c per yd

SATURDAY SPECIAL

A number of pieces of
ginghams. Regular
10c and 12¹/₂c grade for

8c.

GROCERIES

2 lb pkg quaker oats	.05
K. C. Baking Powder, 25c can at	.18
23 lbs granulated sugar	\$1.00
Postum Cereal, 25c pkg for	.20
Best XXXX Powder sugar, per lb	.06
Extra fine bulk cocoa, per lb	.20
Regular 50c tea	.35
Regular 25c coffe	.19

Number of spring coats for misses' and ladies, embracing the newest shades as well as the latest styles. Prices range from \$5 to \$10. Call and look them over before purchasing.

New Rugs From 35c to \$18.50.

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The National Weekly

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Until this year Collier's has been sold at \$5.50. Now the price is \$2.50 and we have secured a concession whereby we can offer it at a still further reduction in connection with this publication.

Special Offer to Our Readers

Recognizing the great demand for Collier's at the new price, we have made arrangements to offer it for the price of Collier's alone. This is a limited offer and must be taken advantage of promptly.

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Collier's is the one big, independent, fearless weekly of the whole country. Not only is it the good citizen's handbook but it is also a magazine for the whole family. Among the things that a year's subscription gives are:

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600 News Photos
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150 Short Stories
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J. C. James, Clerk

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Loan and Diamond Brokers
Number 24 North Dearborn St.
Diamonds, Watches and all kinds of Jewels at less than cost. At half the price you pay at regular stores. Dec 1901

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FRANK HUBER, Sec'y.

ELMER BROOK, W. M.
The Eastern Star meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month.
IDA OSMOND, W. M.
Gertrude Brook, Sec'y.

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QUAKE AND VOLCANO CAUSES
BIG LOSS OF LIFE ON
ISLAND OF HONDO.

ONE VILLAGE IS WIPED OUT

Southern Russia Swept by Hurricane
and 1,500 Persons Are Reported to
Have Perished—France Struck by
Terrific Gale.

Tokio, March 17.—An earthquake occurred on Sunday in the prefecture of Akita, island of Hondo. Many persons in the City of Akita were killed and several houses destroyed. In the village of Kowakubi, which was ruined, there were many casualties. The disturbance badly damaged railroad and telegraph lines.

Sixty dead bodies were found in the basin of the Onono river, where 320 houses were destroyed. The village of Kitameno was burned.

As a result of the earthquake a copper mine at Tsunmado collapsed. The fate of the 300 workmen in the mine is unknown.

Simultaneous with the earthquake came terrific explosions and the bursting of flames from the volcano Asama-Yama, which terrified the inhabitants of that district.

Akita is a garrison town on the Sea of Japan. It does a considerable export trade, especially in rice. The population is about thirty thousand.

Asama-Yama is the largest active volcano in Japan. A majority of its active periods have been productive of showers of ashes only. Its last great eruption was in 1783, when several villages on the north side of the mountain were obliterated by lava. The crater is about three-quarters of a mile in circumference.

St. Petersburg, March 17.—Details of the hurricane which swept the province of Kuban, southern Russia, Saturday, were received here on Sunday from Ekaterinodar. A northern gale caused numerous waterpuffs off the coast of the Sea of Azov, and the shore from Yolk to the Strait of Kertsch, a distance of about five hundred miles, was flooded and six villages damaged.

One hundred and seventy-six construction employees on the Kuban railway were sleeping in a shed when awakened by the storm and fled to a train and endeavored to escape. Soon, however, the engine and cars were overturned by the rushing waters and swept away.

The hurricane raged ten hours. When it ceased the receding floods revealed great destruction. Eight miles of the railway embankment were in ruin. The wrecked train was covered with the bodies of workmen. Forty-eight of the 176 men finally got to shore on floating wreckage, but it is feared the others were drowned.

Many courageous rescues of persons floating on wreckage on the sea have been reported. Many bodies have been washed ashore at various points.

Meager dispatches reported that 1,500 lives had been lost as a result of the storm, but no reliable details giving an accurate estimate have come to hand.

A similar catastrophe occurred along the shores of the Sea of Azov 37 years ago.

Paris, March 17.—A terrific gale and the highest tide of the year on Sunday worked great havoc along the coasts of Normandy and Brittany. In the Bay of St. Michel, in the southwestern part of Normandy, no such tide has been experienced in forty years. Huge waves dashed against the ramparts of Mont St. Michel, a rocky little island in the bay, on which is situated the famous old Benedictine abbey, to a height not usually reached by waters, and the gardens and fields in Avranches and other villages and towns on the coast were flooded. Three hundred feet of the sea wall at Granville were swept away.

The damage at Dieppe was great. Rebbles were washed in by the sea in such quantities that the River Seine was dammed at its mouth and the valley of the river flooded for several miles.

MEXICANS SLAY POSTMASTER

U. S. Customs Office and Postoffice at Tecate, Cal., Burned by Bandits.

San Diego, Cal., March 17.—The United States customs office and postoffice at Tecate were burned on Saturday night and the postmaster, Frank V. Johnston, was shot dead by three robbers, according to advices received here. Warren Widenback was wounded. Observers of the tragedy say the robbers were Mexicans. A posse started at daybreak in pursuit of the robbers. An American newspaper photographer on the American side was fired on by Mexicans, but was not injured.

U. S. May Honor First Canal Builder.

Washington, March 16.—A statue to cost \$170,000, in honor of Ferdinand de Lesseps, father of the Panama canal and its first great engineer, to be located in the canal zone, is provided for in a bill introduced in senate.

Former Congressman Dead.

La Crosse, Wis., March 16.—Gilbert Woodward, former member of congress and in 1888 Republican candidate for governor of Wisconsin, died at his home here, aged seventy-nine. He served throughout the Civil war.

BANK HEADS INDICTED

GRAND LARCENY IS CHARGED
AGAINST SIEGEL AND VOGEL.

Both Are Held in \$25,000 Bail—Allegation Made That Deposits Were Received While Insolvent.

New York, March 13.—Henry Siegel and Frank E. Vogel, thrice indicted for grand larceny, were held in \$25,000 bail each by Judge Rosalsky in the general session Wednesday. Two accusations charging the men with accepting deposits in the private bank of Henry Siegel & Co. after it was insolvent are in the first two indictments, while the third charges them with obtaining \$25,000 from the National Bank of Commerce on the strength of a false statement as to the financial condition of the Fourteenth street store. They neglected to mention an indebtedness of about \$1,500,000 to various interests.

Both men surrendered, entered pleas of not guilty and were released under bonds of \$25,000 each. They were given until March 18 to change their pleas.

Three hundred angry depositors who had been forcibly ejected from the bankruptcy hearing hunted around the federal building for Siegel in vain. At the time they were looking for him to ask him some questions he and his banking partner were standing before Judge Rosalsky pleading "not guilty."

One of the indictments charges Siegel and Vogel with grand larceny, in that they made false statement to the Bank of Commerce in order to borrow \$25,000. The other indictment alleges that the two bankers accepted deposits when they knew the bank of Henry Siegel & Co. to be insolvent.

SPARKS FROM THE WIRE

Queenstown, Ireland, March 16.—A terrific gale struck the Irish coast. Hundreds of houses were unroofed in this vicinity.

Nauen, Germany, March 16.—Communication was held between the wireless station here and one at Winchoke, Cape Colony, South Africa. The messages that passed were distinct.

El Paso, March 16.—John L. Patton, a Democratic leader in central Illinois 30 thirty ago and a resident of Woodford county since 1851, is dead at his home here.

Bridgeport, Pa., March 16.—Two trainmen were killed and one was injured when two engines sideswiped while entering a roundhouse.

Washington, March 13.—Thousands of tons of ice, heaped in a great jam for a mile above the old aqueduct bridge across the Potomac at Georgetown, threatened to sweep away several bridges over the river.

MAINTAINING PEACE AND LAW

General Chase of Colorado Also Tells President "Mother" Jones Can Leave District.

Trinidad, Colo., March 14.—In a lengthy telegram to President Wilson Gen. John Chase, commanding the Colorado National guard, said that the state of Colorado was maintaining peace and upholding the laws in the coal strike region, and denied that "Mother" Jones, the aged strike agitator, was being imprisoned here in violation of her rights. The telegram was an answer to the charge made to the president by officials of the United Mine Workers of America. "I am directed by the governor of Colorado to inform the president that 'Mother' Jones is and always has been at liberty to leave the disturbed district, but insists upon remaining avowedly to make incendiary speeches," said the message. "She is confined in a comfortable and pleasant room in a large church hospital as a necessary precaution in view of her hysteria."

TWO SLAIN IN HOLDUP

Engineer of Northwestern Railroad and Bandit Killed Following Robbery Near Langley, Ill.

Buda, Ill., March 16.—A big posse ran down here the last of four Mexican bandits who killed an engineer on the Northwestern railroad near Langley, Ill., and wounded several other persons, on Friday. One of the bandits who had been wounded in the battle died at Spring Valley, Ill. The fight, which opened at Manlius, Ill., about one hundred and twenty miles southwest of Chicago, with the slaying of Arthur Fisher, an engineer of a Chicago & Northwestern freight train, and the wounding of Collins, his fireman, quickly shifted the scene further south, where the bandits were met by Sheriff Charles Beyer of Princeton and two deputies. In this encounter Bert Skoglund, a deputy sheriff, was shot three times and Leslie Beyer, son of the sheriff, was shot once in the leg. Here also Mrs. G. R. Wright, wife of the station agent at Langley, was struck by a stray bullet.

Brigadier General Reid Is Dead.

Washington, March 17.—Brig. Gen. George S. Reid, U. S. M. C., died at his residence here, after a brief illness. Besides a long and honorable service in the marine corps, General Reid was a graduate lawyer.

Believes Dorothy Arnold Is Dead.

New York, March 17.—Francis R. Arnold, father of Dorothy Arnold, places no credence in the story told by a girl in Los Angeles, Cal., that she is the missing heiress. Mr. Arnold believes she is dead.

1 Dead, 30 Hurt in Wreck.

St. Paul, March 17.—A woman was killed and more than thirty other persons were injured in the derailment of two coaches of passenger train No. 4 on the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha railroad.

Suffrage Leader Is Dead.

New York, March 17.—Mrs. Corinne Stubbs Brown, aged sixty-four, wife of F. E. Brown, cashier of the First National bank of Chicago, and for many years a leader in woman suffrage work, died of pneumonia.

PRESIDENT OF BRAZIL AND BRIDE



Specially posed photographs of Marshal Hermes da Fonseca, president of Brazil, whose rule is threatened by revolutionists, and his beautiful bride, the former Senorita Nair de Teffe, who is but twenty-seven years old, while her husband is sixty-three. Brazilian society was somewhat shocked by the marriage, as the president had been widowed only a few months.

TO QUIT BUSINESS

REDUCED RATES ORDERED FOR
FEB. 1 CAUSED ACTION OF U.
S. EXPRESS COMPANY.

PARCEL POST NOT BLAMED

As Result of Directors' Action 15,000
Employees Will Soon Be Without
Position—Many Women Are Owners
of Stock in Big Concern.

New York, March 16.—At a meeting held here on Friday the United States Express company decided to liquidate and go out of business.

Following is the resolution passed: "Resolved, That, pursuant to the power and authority conferred upon the board of directors of the United States Express company by its articles of association, the board unanimously declares that it is for the best interests of the company that the company be dissolved as soon as may be, without awaiting the expiration of its term of existence, and that its business and affairs be settled up and finally adjusted as promptly as may be done. The president is directed to inform the shareholders of said action of the board."

Although the heads of the Wells Fargo company, Adams Express company and the American Express company have declared that they are not considering liquidation of their concerns, it is generally felt that their stockholders will bring the matter to their attention as happened in the case of the United States Express.

D. I. Roberts, president of the United States Express, declared that the decision to liquidate has resulted largely from the reduction in express rates that took place February 1 last. But for this, he declared, the company would have continued in business.

As a result of the directors' action about fifteen thousand employees of the company will be without positions in the not distant future. The company's pay roll is \$6,000,000.

Mr. Roberts gave the following names of large stockholders and the amounts of shares held by each: Harriman estate, 21,000; Brown Bros., 3,000; William A. Head & Co. (about) 1,500; Metropolitan Life Insurance, 1,600; Ira C. Potts, 1,015; William Mass, 300; Catherine Thayer, 500; Warner M. Brown, 600; Norman L. Bates, 250; Helen B. DeWorth, 500; Platt family \$50.

There are 1,550 shareholders, of whom 740 are women, and 14 estates. A stockholders' committee, consisting of Charles A. Peabody, president of the Mutual Life Insurance company; Moreau Delano of Brown Bros.; William A. Read, the banker; W. A. Harriman and Haley Fiske, first vice-president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance company, recommended to the directors that the company be dissolved.

Recover Stolen Jewelry.

New York, March 14.—Following the recovery of \$85,000 worth of the \$150,000 worth of jewelry stolen from the summer home of Mrs. John H. Hansen at Narragansett Pier last July, it was learned that private detectives are in Europe on the trail of the balance of the jewelry and the thieves.

Tribe Are Hurling to Death.

Chicago, March 17.—Three men were trapped between two onrushing trains on a railroad bridge over the Desplaines river. They were hit by a locomotive, hurled into the river 35 feet below and killed.

Taft Declines College Job.

Wilmington, Del., March 17.—Former President Taft on Saturday declined an offer to become president of Delaware college, which position was offered him at a salary of \$5,000 a year.

NOTED EDITOR SLAIN

WIFE OF FRENCH MINISTER OF
FINANCE MURDERS GASTON
CALMETTE.

CLIMAX OF BITTER BATTLE

Mme. Caillaux Assassinated Chief of
Figaro to Avenge Her Honor—
Journalist Accused Official
of Corruption.

Paris, March 18.—Gaston Calmette, the brilliant editor of Figaro, paid the penalty of the unwritten French law which forbids that the honor of a woman shall be dragged into a public controversy. He was assassinated, his body riddled with bullets, by Mme. Henriette Caillaux, wife of Joseph Caillaux, minister of finance, who had been the object of bitter personal attacks published in Figaro and signed by Calmette. He died on Monday.

The Caillaux-Calmette feud had held the attention of Paris for a long time. The Figaro editor repeatedly accused the finance minister of political corruption. The feud reached its climax last week when the Figaro published the contents of love letters that Caillaux wrote to his present wife in 1901—before they were married and when she was the wife of Leo Claretie, the literary critic of the Figaro.

It was not to avenge the attack upon her husband, but to vindicate her own honor that Madame Caillaux started out to shoot Calmette. With a pistol concealed in her muff she went to the Figaro office at the busiest time of the evening and sent up her card to Calmette's room.

Paul Bourget, the famous novelist and academician, was with the editor when her card was received. Calmette was astounded when he learned the identity of his caller.

"Do not see her," M. Bourget advised.

"She is a woman," Calmette replied. "I must receive her."

Bourget thereupon wished his friend good-night and withdrew.

Immediately upon entering the room Mme. Caillaux raised her arm and fired five shots at a distance of six paces. Calmette fell without a word at the first shot and lay apparently lifeless. After the fifth shot the attendants seized the woman, who retained perfect self-possession.

"Don't touch me. I'm a woman," she said.

Several members of the Figaro staff rushed into the room. As they raised the wounded man he murmured:

"Only did my duty. I have no personal malice."

It was found that one bullet had lodged in the groin, one had passed through the ribs close to the heart. He died a few moments later.

ENVOY PAGE IS ABSOLVED

President Holds That Ambassador's
Address in London on Monroe
Doctrine Was Harmless.

Washington, March 18.—President Wilson on Monday exonerated Ambassador Walter Hines Page, the United States envoy to the court of St. James, and held that Page's address on the Monroe doctrine was without a single phrase at which this government might take offense. The president believes that the speech was misquoted and misrepresented.

He told his callers that the address as it has now been reported to him was an absolutely accurate statement of fact, and without a line to which this government could take exception.

As an instance, he said, of how Mr. Page has been misquoted, the president cited the fact that one passage of the address was cabled as follows: "We will repeal the exemption clause of the Panama act, not merely to please England."

What Mr. Page did say, the president declared, was:

"We will repeal the clause, not to please England, but," etc.

ELEANOR WILSON TO WED

President and Mrs. Wilson Confirm
Report That Daughter Will Marry
Secretary McAdoo.

Washington, March 16.—Just as society was despairing of an official announcement from the White House about the reported engagement of Miss Eleanor Wilson to William G. McAdoo, secretary of the treasury, a statement was given out on Friday by the president's secretary, Mr. Tumulty, to this effect:

"The president and Mrs. Wilson announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Eleanor Randolph, to William Gibbs McAdoo."

It is understood that the wedding day has not been fixed. Rumor has it, however, that it will occur at a very early date, either in Easter week or when the June roses bloom about the White House grounds.

Owner of New York Herald Is Ill.

Cairo, March 18.—James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York Herald, is seriously ill of fever on board the yacht Lysistrata at Suez. He is reported to be delirious, and an additional doctor has been summoned.

Militant Is Knocked Out.

Glasgow, Scotland, March 18.—Dr. James Devon, prison commissioner for Scotland, when attacked by an irate militant suffragette armed with a dog whip, took the law in his own hands and knocked his assailant out.

LOSING HOPE
WOMAN VERY ILL

Finally Restored To Health
By Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound.

Bellevue, Ohio.—"I was in a terrible state before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My back ached until I thought it would break, I had pains all over me, nervous feelings and periodic troubles. I was very weak and run down and was losing hope of ever being well and strong. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I improved rapidly and today am a well woman. I cannot tell you how happy I feel and I cannot say too much for your Compound. Would not be without it in the house if it cost three times the amount."—Mrs. CHAS. CHAPMAN, R. F. D. No. 7, Bellevue, Ohio.



Woman's Precious Gift.

The one which she should most zealously guard, is her health, but it is the one most often neglected, until some ailment peculiar to her sex has fastened itself upon her. When so affected such women may rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a remedy that has been wonderfully successful in restoring health to suffering women.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.



Lameness

Sloan's Liniment is a speedy, reliable remedy for lameness in horses and farm stock. Here's proof.

"I had a horse sprain his shoulder by pulling, and he was so lame he could not carry foot at all. I got a bottle of your Liniment and put it on four times, and in three days he showed no lameness at all and made a thirty mile trip today."—Walter B. Alorford, La Salle, Cal.

For Splint and Thrush

"I have used Sloan's Liniment on a fine mare for splint and cured her. This makes the third horse I've cured. Have recommended it to my neighbors for thrush and they say it is fine. I find it the best Liniment I ever used. I keep on hand your Sure Cough Cure for myself and neighbors, and I can certainly recommend it for Cough."—E. J. Smith, McDonough, Ga.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

is a quick, safe remedy for poultry roup, canker and bumble-foot. Try it.

For Roup and Canker

"Sloan's Liniment is the speediest and surest remedy for poultry roup and canker in all its forms, especially for canker in the windpipe."—E. J. Spaulding, Jeffery, N. J.

At All Dealers. 25c., 50c. & \$1.00.

Read Sloan's Book on Horses, Cattle, Hogs and Poultry; sent free.

Address

DR. EARL S. SLOAN, Inc., Boston, Mass.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty.

Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

Thick, Swollen Glands that make a horse Wheeze. Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down, can be reduced with

ABSORBINE

also any Bunch or Swelling. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. Concentrated—only a few drops required at application. \$2 per bottle delivered.

ABSORBINE, the anti-inflammatory for man, reduces Cysts, Wens, Painful, Knotted Varicose Veins, Ulcers. \$1 and \$2 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free.

BE FREE

From superfluous hair, it is an absolute hair destroyer, depilatory, makes hair fall out, reduces hair and full particular directions. Liberal samples and full particulars free. Reserve Dealer Co., 844 St. Louis Ave., Dept. 10, St. Louis, Mo.

IMPROVED FARMS FOR SALE—Southern Minnesota and Red River Valley, good soil, corn, clover land, fine timber, healthy good markets, schools. Send for booklet. General Co., St. Paul, Minn.

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

Mrs. Richey has been quite sick.

Dr. Talbott was in the city Saturday.

Walter Daniels was home from Evanston over Sunday.

Miss Villa Larson of Waukegan is visiting her sister here.

Mrs. John Mitchell has been entertaining an aunt from the north.

Born, Friday, March 13 to Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hooper, a daughter. We extend congratulations.

Mrs. Erma Strang and daughter of Millburn spent last Friday here and attended the play here.

Harold Hucker has been in a Chicago hospital for an operation for appendicitis. He has been doing nicely.

Mrs. Chas. Kapple and daughter and Miss Loftus of Grayslake were guests of Mrs. Paul Avery last Thursday.

The play "Diamonds and Hearts" given here last Friday evening by local talent was splendid and played to a full house. Over thirty dollars was cleared.

Ernest Lehman and party of friends drove out from Chicago last week in an auto to inspect the new bungalow at Sand Lake which is nearing completion.

Mrs. Talbott is in Bloomington, this week attending the State Royal Neighbor convention as a delegate from Cedar Lake camp no. 460.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray have sold their house and lot to Mr. Bartlett who will take possession at once, as Mr. Ray and family expect to move back to their former home in Madison. We hope for success for them in their new home.

MILLBURN

A. H. Stewart made a business trip to Waukegan on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Stewart, returned home from Florida Friday.

Misses Jean and Agnes Armour called on Antioch friends, Thursday.

The many friends of Mrs. Cremin will be glad to hear that she is some better.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bonner, entertained John Thain and wife, George Stephens and wife, at dinner, Wednesday.

Susanah Dale Smith Minto, oldest child of George E. Smith and Mercy Gwinn Loring, was born at Salem, Mass., August 18, 1839, and came with her parents and grandmother Loring to Illinois in May, 1840. From infancy her home has been continuously in Antioch township, she died at her home Thursday, March 12, and was buried Monday afternoon at Loon Lake cemetery. As a young woman she passed through the experiences of the civil war. For a number of years she taught school in various nearby districts.

She was married to David Minto, May 20, 1861. Seven children were born to them of whom two are living, D. Harold and Una Jean, also two granddaughters. Two sisters of Mrs. Minto, Mrs. Andrew White of Lyons, Neb., and Mrs. Wm. Steadman of Elgin, Ill., have passed on before, while two brothers, George Smith of Denver, Col., and Rev. Smith of Bonaparte, Iowa, and one sister Mrs. Lamb, survive. Mrs. Minto united with the Millburn Congregational church, March 4, 1865, thirty-two others joined at the same time, nearly all of them young people. Rev. Bross was pastor at that time. Mrs. Minto has been confined to her home for a number of years, she was a kind and loving woman and made many friends, she always took a great deal of interest in the work of the church and Sunday School.

SILVER LAKE

Has. Hasselman has been home the week.

Wm. Hanneman and daughter friends here over Sunday.

Julius Spitzbar of Wilmet was here Thursday.

Kenosha visited at his home Sunday.

and wife were at Wilmet

transacted business in

March 26, a dinner and

received at the home of

honored by St. Paul.

The day one is requested

The ladies of the hill,

village;

ie sang,

BRISTOL

Ernest Dixon was a Kenosha visitor Friday.

Miss Ruby Fox spent last Friday in Kenosha.

Father Heller was a Kenosha visitor last Tuesday.

Mrs. Sam Knapp entertained the Missionary society Friday.

Misses Jessie and Ruth Garland were Kenosha visitors Friday.

Frep Thorne and Ward Bryant spent last Saturday in Kenosha.

Chas. Barnes of Chicago was a guest of Miss Boyle Friday evening.

W. Gains was home over Sunday, returning to Milwaukee Tuesday.

Mrs. M. Gaines and daughter spent Sunday with Mrs. J. Evans of Salem.

Mrs. Moore of Harvard, Ill., spent last Wednesday with her mother here.

Miss Jessie Shumway of Chicago visited over Sunday with her sister here.

Mrs. Frank Fox entertained a few friends at a dinner party last Wednesday.

Frank Gethen is serving on jury for spring term of the Circuit Court in Kenosha.

Clarence Murdoch of Kenosha spent a part of last week with his grandparents here.

Miss Florence Boyle was unable to take charge of her school Monday on account of sickness.

F. R. Lavery and Ed Shottliff went to Milwaukee last Monday to have another look at the "Empire."

Ernest Dixon has the honor of receiving the highest standing in the examination for city mail carriers in Kenosha.

F. R. Lavery has sold his Ford auto to the Badger Paper company and has purchased a new Empire. The car arrived here from Milwaukee Tuesday.

Arch Murdoch had the misfortune to get one of his fingers caught in the bottle filler at the factory Saturday. It was found necessary to amputate his finger at the first joint.

Of Ireland, Of Erin Go Braugh.

Menu—Dinner

Chicken with biscuits Jelly

Mashed potatoes Roast pork

Cabbage Beet salad

Creamed carrots Peas

Sweet pickles Piccalilli

Butter Cheese Bread

Apple pie Lemon pie

Tea Cream Coffee

Menu—Supper

Cold roast pork Beef loaf

Creamed potatoes Beans

Escuits Brown bread

Strawberry jello Cookies

Hickory nut cake Devils food

Pickles

Tea Cream Coffee

The proceeds for the Baptist church.

Dinner, 35 cents. Supper 25 cents.

One Thing That Sticks.

A woman may not be able to record what her husband said when he proposed, but she can always remember what dress she wore at the time.

No More "Black Broth" for Him.

Among the forgotten dishes of the past was the "black broth of Lacedaemon." "What the ingredients of this sable composition were," says a writer, "we cannot exactly ascertain. Doctor Lister (in 'Aplcius') supposed it to have been hog's blood. . . . It could not be a very alluring mess, since a citizen of Sybaris, having tasted it, declared it was no longer a matter of astonishment with him why the Spartans were so fearless of death, since any one in his senses would much rather die than exist on such execrable food."

To the Middle-Aged.

Say to yourself that you are entering upon the autumn of your life; that the graces of spring and the splendors of summer are irrevocably gone, but that autumn weather is often darkened by rain, cloud and mist, but the air is still soft, and the sun still delights the eyes, and touches the yellowing leaves, carelessly; it is the time for fruit, for harvest, for the vintage, the moment for making provision for the winter.—Amiel's Journal.

French woman's Cold Cure.

Having been without a cold for 27 years, a French lady, who holds this fortunate record, attributes it to the following process. Each morning after taking a warm bath, she immediately sponges her throat, her face, and the back of her neck and ears with the very coldest water she can get for about two minutes. In cold weather one may feel inclined to shirk, she says, but the result of steady application she has found a plentiful reward.

To Cultivate Cheerfulness.

Sydney Smith once gave a woman a score of recipes for cheerfulness, and among them was to remember all the pleasant things said to and of her, to keep a box of candy on the chimney-piece and a kettle simmering on the hob. Do not give way to melancholy; never ask "Why were we born?" If you are giving to asking questions, ask easy ones.

Brave Little Woman!

"If you don't help to keep down our expenses," he complained, "I shall be driven to desperation." "All right, dear," she replied, "I'll do my best. I'm going to call up Aunt Elizabeth today and ask her if she won't take our canary, so that we shall not have to buy any more bird seed."

Filling a Fountain Pen.

When filling a fountain pen, to prevent annoyance from air bubbles, use narrow, tapering pieces of blotting paper, cut small enough to reach easily into the barrel of the pen. When touched with one of these blotter points the bubbles disappear and others do not form.

Has No Advantage.

That Berlin physician who boasts that he can detect truth from falsehood by the breath has no advantage over the wives of men who try to hide it by eating cloves.—New York Herald.

Grow Their Own Cedar.

The lighthouse reservations on the great lakes are able to grow all the white cedar needed for spar buoys in their district.

Another View of It.

"It is as much trouble to raise a puppy as a boy," according to a critic of women. Perhaps, but the pup doesn't go to college and gamble your hard-earned money away, and then expect you to buy an annulment when he gets drunk and marries a chorus girl old enough to be his mother.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

BY A TRICK OF FATE

By I. L. FORRESTER.

Since daybreak there had been no change in the ceaseless lurching of the yacht, or the dull roar of the waves as they swept in long, heavy seas over its sides.

Twice Katherine had tried to leave her stateroom and reach the cabin, and had been forced back. Once the white-faced stewardess had come to her door. There was no immediate danger, she assured her. They would be notified at once if there were. If she was nervous, Mr. Hetherington said he would come to her. And Katherine had sent back word that she was not at all nervous and Mr. Hetherington need not trouble himself at all about her.

The week at sea had passed like a troubled dream. They were to have made harbor the previous morning, and the storm had driven them off the coast, down the southern French coast. By this time she had thought everything would have been over. The brief, fearless parting with Hetherington, the meeting with her mother in Paris, and the trip to Berbee.

"Dear, lovely, lonely little Berbee up on the Normandy coast. The two summers she had spent there, in old Martigny's classes, had been the happiest of her life.

It had all been arranged and settled so decently, as Hetherington said. There had never been any open quarrels between them for the servants and public to gossip over, merely a quiet, courteous antagonism which required no explanation. The marriage had not been voluntary.

"It was the blessed, stupid mothers," Katherine said, with gay cynicism, at their last interview. "We're not the kind who settle down, Bruce, and be married, and then do nothing but give house parties, and dinner parties, and yachting parties, and all the rest of it. You were rich and nobody in particular, and I was poor and a Lorimer, and the wise little mothers simply saw a chance to found a dynasty of mutual benefit, and we drifted until they landed us under the orange blossoms. It is a little tangle of fate's skeins. We can't go back and untangle it, but we can do the Alexander trick, and cut it."

He had agreed to the separation too readily, she thought. Even acknowledging perfect indifference on both sides, a little hesitancy would have been desirable. He had almost seemed cheerful when he had asked her what she intended doing at Berbee.

"You haven't the ghost of a right to ask me," she had told him, "but there is nothing to conceal. Martigny keeps up his summer classes still. You know I studied under him there, and in Paris, too, when we were poor, before"—she hesitated, and went on with a light touch of bitterness—"before I was the fortunate Mrs. Hetherington. There is certain to be some of the old class left, and I can rest and study."

"And be happy," concluded Hetherington. She had not answered.

A sudden sharp rapping on her stateroom door startled her. She caught her breath as she rose unsteadily, and clung for support to the side of the berth. The moment of danger had come.

"Kil! Let me in!"

It was Hetherington's voice. She turned the lock with steady fingers, a sudden peace strengthening her. He paused in the doorway, tall and dark, and storm beaten in his dripping oilskins, his face white and grim as he looked down at her.

"Has it come, dear?" she asked, lifting her face to him. "I'm not afraid—with you."

He caught her to him closely, and pressed his lips to hers with hungry intensity.

"Not afraid in death, Kil?" he said bitterly. "Then why in life?"

She closed her eyes and shrank closer to him. Death had become a friend to be met with smiling eyes and welcoming happiness. As Hetherington raised his head she waited, expectantly. The lurching and groaning had stopped. She wondered if they were sinking, and tightened the clasp of her arms about his neck as she smiled up at him.

"How dear death is together," she said softly. "I'm not one bit afraid."

His eyes lighted with sudden comprehension, and he stood back loosening her arms.

"The danger is past," he said. "I came to tell you we had made the harbor at St. Hilaire. You can reach Paris by evening."

For an instant she hesitated in the revulsion of thought, then held out her arms longingly.

"Not alone," she said. "Not alone now, sweetheart. I am afraid in life, too, alone."

Cats and Fruit Stores.

"Cats and fruit stores are inseparable," said the sidewalk tourist. "You may have a cat and no fruit store, but you can't have a fruit store and no cat. The reason is mice."

"I was in a fruiterer's recently and on a pile of oranges dozed a cat, investigating a melon crate was another, while a third purred beside the cash register. It struck me that three tabbies in a small shop was a bit too much feline, and I said so."

"Oh, cats?" replied the fruiterer. "Yes, we have to have 'em. If we didn't keep cats the mice would eat all the fruit, and what they didn't eat they'd bite into and spoil the appearance of. The fruit storage men call the cat the guardian of the fruit."

HENRY'S TWO VALENTINES

By G. L. SELTER.

Marcia Maynard did not even know it was the fourteenth of February.

She had been too busy all the morning making feather cakes and spicy cookies and pies that defied description to so much as glance at the calendar.

Enlightenment, however, occurred in the form of Cousin Lucy Stoddard, a vastly different figure in her trim trappings, from Marcia in her neat work dress.

"A woman," said Lucy, in the commonplace way that always irritated Marcia, "is as old as she looks."

"I have always been too busy doing useful and necessary work," acknowledged Marcia pointedly, "to bother much about my looks."

"But it isn't necessary for you to do so, Cousin Marcia; you might take life as easy as I do, if you would. People think it a pity that you have never married."

"I do not know why they should, especially," Marcia's eyes flashed suddenly. "You have never married, yourself, Lucy."

"But that is because I have never cared to do so, dear. I have always had an abundance of suitors. It has been different with you, you know. There did use to be talk that you and Henry Howard would make a match of it, but I never believed it. You are not Henry's style."

"I never thought of such a thing as marrying Henry Howard—or anyone else," denied Marcia crisply.

"How fortunate that is," Lucy spoke with a malicious assumption of sympathy. "I may as well tell you," she confessed, "that I have about decided to accept Henry."

"To accept Henry?" Marcia set her newly fed cake perilously near the edge of the table. "I did not know he ever thought of you."

"No, I have never given him any encouragement, but I have long known what I could do if I would. It has not been easy to decide among so many," Marcia's snift of disbelief passed unnoticed, "but the sight of Henry's loneliness makes him seem worthy of the sacrifice of my freedom. I am going to send him a valentine as the most graceful and romantic way of letting him understand my attitude."

A valentine! Marcia finished her work as if in a dream.

Then, unexpectedly, she laughed out with unwonted gaiety. "If one valentine is good, two ought to be better. I think I'll send Henry a valentine myself!"

Amusement filled the prosaic soul of Henry Howard when he found the contents of the big envelope to be a valentine. As he considered it, his date, middle-aged heart began to warm unaccountably.

"Now, that's real thoughtful of Lucy. I'm sure I haven't had a valentine in so many years I'd forgotten how it seemed. It is a fine thing to keep one's youth as Lucy has."

It was late in the afternoon before he remembered to look at the other letter he had received in the same mail. After he had read it, he sat for a long time looking meditatively at the windows of the next house.

"I believe I'll go over—she's never asked me before to dine with her, and Marcia is a master cook. I—I believe I'll tell her what I mean to do, too; she's got a pretty sensible head, Marcia has."

If a woman is no older than she looks, Marcia had certainly lost a good ten years of her age when she greeted Henry Howard in her immaculate front hall.

"And this," he said, "is what I have been cheating myself out of for the last fifteen years. I find it rather lonely in my big house, Marcia."

"Yes," answered Marcia demurely, pouring the coffee.

"I've been thinking lately that I have been foolish to live alone so long. Do you suppose anyone could be induced to have an old fellow like me?"

"Oh, yes," Marcia smiled across the centerpiece.

"Will you, Marcia?" He could hardly credit the fact that his ears heard Henry Howard asking any woman to marry him.

The next instant he had gone round the table and gathered her cold fingers into his warm, strong hands. "Why, I love you, Marcia. I've wanted you all the time and did not know it; would you believe a man could be so foolish and blind?"

"Yes," whispered Marcia, "I have been, too, until today."

Upon this interesting tableau the door opened unexpectedly, and Lucy Stoddard stood transfixed.

"Come in, Lucy," called the man heartily. "You shall be the first to congratulate me. It was your valentine that set me thinking how lonely I really was. But I liked Marcia's valentine best; painted hearts and printed verses may be satisfactory to romantic young fellows, but nothing appeals to us older fellows like a good dinner!"

If any look of chagrin clouded the sprightly face in the doorway it was instantly concealed by an overwhelming smile. "I knew all you needed was a little jogging," she said, "to make you the two happiest people in the world."

REVENGE WAS SWEET

By C. S. REID.

Fifty-one climbed the five-mile hill above Caruthers Station at a slow pace, the caboose looking like a button on the end of a rattlesnake's tail. After classifying and adjusting a bunch of waybills, Hayden, the conductor, went forward to the front end of the cab, where, just beyond the tool pit under the lookout, was an improvised bunk on one side, and an arrangement on the other which served as a dresser. Hayden had received a smart slap on the cheek from a loose end of a box strap while helping to unload some freight packages back there at Caruthers, and he had gone in search of a mirror with which to examine the wound.

The dresser referred to was nothing more nor less than a number of tiers of shelving, built one above the other, in the side of the car. But contrary to the usual arrangement of such affairs, Hayden's mirror, a small, framed glass, reposed on a lower shelf.

Bending forward, he drew the mirror from its resting place. Then, suddenly, and without examining the wound in his cheek, he threw the mirror upon the top shelf, and, seizing a large pinch bar which was leaning against the tool pit, hurried out upon the front platform, closing the door behind him.

Here he stood a moment, thinking intently. Presently he thrust the claw end of the bar under the shoulder of the coupling pin which held the caboose attached to the train, using a portion of the drawhead as a fulcrum. Then with his hands on the opposite end he watched the pin unswervingly—and waited. A few moments later, as the front trucks dropped over a high joint, and there was a single instant's slack in the tension of the coupling, Hayden bore down viciously upon the end of the bar; and the coupling pin went flying into the air over the side of the truck.

And now Hayden drew a deep breath. Jobs were hard to get, and easy to lose, especially now since there was so much talk of cutting wages, reducing the force and economizing in every possible way, to meet the conditions occasioned by the embezzlement of Walt Bradley, treasurer of the Kennewah branch, he having skipped out the day before with all of the surplus funds of the company in his possession.

But as the caboose slowed down, then began a reverse motion, Hayden drew another long breath, and went inside. The flagman and the rest of the crew were now forward on the fast-disappearing train.

Back down the five-mile hill sped the caboose alone, gathering momentum at each rail length, until the trees and shrubs along the way appeared as a blurred mass. It was slightly up-grade from the foot of the hill to Caruthers, and the speed of the cab had decreased somewhat when it leaped by the station. The agent, however, had seen it coming before it reached the foot of the hill, and had expected to see it fly from the track and go to pieces in the ravine below.

But it had not done this; and what he saw, as the car shot past the office, was Hayden sitting in the doorway, smiling and waving him a clearance signal. The agent sprang to his key and called frantically the dispatcher at Kennewah. Getting the latter's attention he rattled away:

"Fifty-one—runaway caboose—near switch quick—brakes off—Haydn on board—evidently crazy."

Meanwhile the caboose was flung towards Kennewah at the rate of 75 miles an hour, and people along the route stared after the meteoric object in amazement and horror.

The grade, after passing Caruthers, was upward for about three miles; then there was another twofold stretch of track for rapid coasting. After this the grade was gradual but rising and falling, and entering the yard at Kennewah at a slight incline. So the speed of the caboose was but little decreased until within a mile of the junction, when the cab began to slow down.

It was at this time that Hayden went out on the platform and caught the brake wheel, which he brought around sharply, until the shoes clamped the truck wheels. Approaching the yard, he saw that the switch had been opened, and that the car would stop on a clear siding. Passing the switch, he tightened upon the brakes with all of his might, and the runaway cooee came to a dead stop almost opposite the station.

This accomplished, Hayden arched quickly back into the car, jerked a big revolver from its hiding place in his locker, and, drawing a bead upon the alele between his bunk and the dresser, he called out:

"Come out from under that bunk, Bradley! or by the living St. Peter, I'll perforate all space, matter and motion beneath that berth. Show your gun out first, butt end foremost, and you want to be quick about the whole business."

In response to this urgent call a volter was shoved from beneath the bunk, butt foremost, as directed. A very much fear-stricken, cretish and begrimed specimen of humanity followed after the weapon, threw up his hands the moment he erect, in obedience to a second command of his captor.

A crowd had gathered by this time, and the defaulting treasurer was pelted to bear the jeers of the face, as he was marched away to a place of safe-keeping.

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